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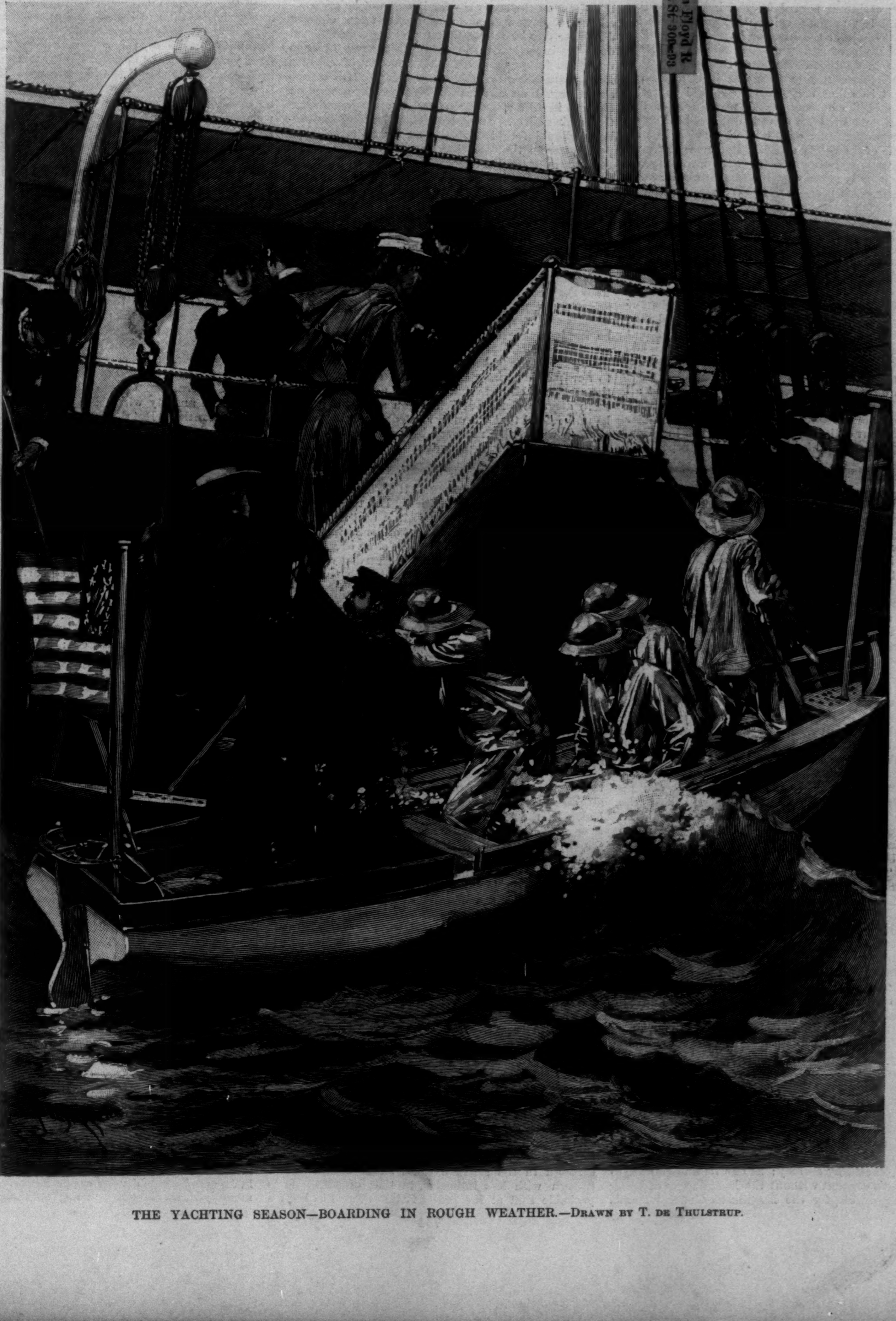

THE YACHTING SEASON—BOARDING IN ROUGH WEATHER.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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REMOVALS ON CHARGES.

THE Postmaster-General, Mr. BISSELL, is, among the chiefs of the great patronage departments of the national government, probably the sincerest friend of reform. The manner in which he treats the clerical force of his department is characterized by more justice, more sincere regard for the interests of the service, and less partisan spirit than we observe in the conduct of either the Interior Department or the Treasury. He has recently made some praiseworthy promotions in distinct defiance of the spoils politician's displeasure. So much more is it to be regretted that in other directions he should so recklessly jeopard the character and usefulness of the administration. We have already discussed the scandalous circumventions of the civil-service law of which some of the newly appointed postmasters have made themselves guilty, so far with impunity, as well as the slowly but surely progressing clean sweep of the fourth-class postmasters. We referred to the fact that fourth-class postmasters who had not yet served four years were removed only on charges of official misconduct, while postmasters who had been in office four years or more are removed without any charges being preferred, merely because they belong to the other party, and have in addition rendered themselves guilty of having acquired four years' experience in the discharge of their duties. (This, our readers will remember, is a rule not invented in a lunatic asylum, but followed by the Post Department of the United States.) Now, how are charges made against postmasters not yet guilty of four years' experience acted upon?

If such charges of misconduct are required at all to justify a removal, it must be because the Postmaster-General would regard the removal of a postmaster as yet innocent of having been four years in office, who has performed his duties well, improper and unjustifiable. It would follow that the Postmaster-General, unwilling, as an honorable man should be, to inflict unjustly upon any one the indignity of a removal, would take good care to have the justice of the charges well ascertained before taking action. For, being no baby in politics, he must be aware that such charges are frequently, if not in most cases, made by interested parties, such as candidates for the office, or their friends who want to get the incumbent out of the way, or Congressmen or party committees who want places for their henchmen and workers, and that such charges made by such men for such a purpose have naturally a strong flavor of untrustworthiness about them. The Postmaster-General would therefore, as a matter of course, permit the accused official to know what the charges against him are, and give him an opportunity to say something in his justification. This, one would think, were the least that could be done in a civilized country to protect a public servant against gross wrong, and also to preserve the self-respect of the high officials presiding over such a system.

The unsophisticated citizen who believes in fair dealing will be surprised to learn that the charges are treated as secrets to be known only to those who made them. An Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. JONES, recently said to a journalist asking permission to inspect certain files that papers containing charges were to be shown only to the person making or filing them. "If a member of Congress wants to inspect the papers which he has filed against a postmaster and in favor of a candidate—in order, for example, to be sure that his chain is complete—he is permitted to see his own papers, but those of nobody else. The Postmaster-General was obliged to make a rule of that kind in order to guard against the abuse of any greater freedom of inspection, and to give all persons sufficient confidence of privacy to encourage them to make complaints frankly if they know of any reason why the retention of any postmaster is not for the good of the service." In other words, the accuser, be he the candidate for the office of the person accused, or the Congressman who wants the place vacated for one of his henchmen, or a local boss who wants the place for one of his heelers, is permitted to see the charges again in order to strengthen them, to "complete the chain," if the case as first presented should not be sufficient to cause a removal. But the accused is not to see the charges, nor anybody in his behalf. The accuser is to be protected by secrecy; he can lie and slander to his heart's content without the least danger of being held responsible, for the Postmaster-General stands guard over his safety. The Postmaster-General even wishes to "encourage," by this assurance of "privacy," everybody who wishes to have somebody removed to make room for somebody else to do his very best in getting up "charges." While thus the accuser is amply protected and encouraged, the accused has "no rights that a white man is bound to respect." He has simply to hold still until he is removed from office, because somebody whom he does not know has accused him of something which he does not know. And such a rule is followed at a time when the hot chase for office is going on, and when what President CLEVELAND called "the demoralizing madness for spoils" has notoriously, as to the making of charges, relaxed the human conscience to the utmost.

It is not too much to say that by such rules the Postmaster-General invites false accusations; he encourages calumny. And by removing public servants upon charges so made, without any regard for the rights of the accused—for it will not be pretended, when postmasters are removed upon charges day after day by scores, that the charges have been decently investigated—he commits a gross outrage upon his fellow-citizens. This matter of charges means something or it means nothing. If it means something, then a removal of a public officer on charges implies a serious reflection upon his character or his ability. It affects his good name; and nobody should forget that the meanest fourth-class postmaster in the land has as clear a right to his good name as the Postmaster-General has to his. If the Postmaster-General blackens the good name of his subordinates without well-ascertained cause, he does a thing which done in private life would exclude him from the company of gentlemen. If he should say, in justification, that it would be impossible carefully to investigate such a multitude of charges, he would only be taking advantage of his own wrong; for there would not be such a multitude of charges were they not encouraged and invited by the assurance of secrecy and by the levity with which removals are made according to them. There would be far less were the accuser held to a sense of responsibility; and the service would surely not suffer from it. As the practice now appears, it is a disgrace to our public morals and our civilization. But if the matter of charges really means nothing, if it is a mere disguise for a partisan clean sweep, if it is to be understood that the officer ostensibly removed on charges was really removed because he did not belong to the dominant party, then it must be called a mockery, an unmitigated fraud, which gentlemen of self-respect will scorn to be connected with.

We are always glad to praise the Postmaster-General for any good thing he does. But those are not his true friends who fail to tell him that in the conduct of the most conspicuous part of his business he is in a very dangerous way. If at the close of President CLEVELAND'S term it should be the verdict of public opinion that his administration as to the reform of the civil service was a sad failure, the Postmaster-General, unless he speedily changes his course of action, will be held principally responsible for it. The plea of good intentions will hardly modify the judgment of history.

THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION.

IT is possible at once to overestimate and to underestimate the part which the SHERMAN act and its currency issues have had in bringing about the existing financial depression. Among those who are on good grounds opposed to that measure there is perhaps a tendency to exaggerate its present direct effects. The tendency is natural enough. We are apt to ascribe all possible evil to a measure which we believe to be bad. In the tariff discussion the protectionists are always ascribing to free trade the crises and panics which take place in times of low duties, while the free-traders ascribe the same occurrences to the baneful working of high duties when they take place during periods of protection. The truth is that the ups and downs of financial exhilaration and depression are inseparable from the modern methods of credit and banking. They are liable to occur under any financial or tariff system, and the effect of particular measures can be only to start them or to intensify them.

Materials for financial disturbance exist at almost any time. There are always some business concerns which are insolvent, or nearly insolvent, and which go to the wall under slight pressure. Others are, so to speak, on the line, and their embarrassments become critical when credit is given sparingly and with suspicion. At any given moment a certain number of investments and enterprises are half-way completed, have an uncertain future, and must depend for their continuation upon the loan market. If enterprises of this sort have been undertaken upon a great scale in fields which promise no early return or no return at all, we have the materials for a great crisis, such as the country went through in the railroad crash of 1873, and again, though with less intensity, in that of 1884. It is probable that at the present time there has been a considerable amount of loose or reckless investment, especially in the innumerable electric-lighting and electric-railway enterprises which have sprung up with such a mushroom growth in the last few years. But, in the main, speculative investments of a sort doomed to succumb sooner or later probably do not exist on any great scale. The conditions of trade do not supply the material for any general crisis, but only for one of those periodical straits which bring down a comparatively small number of weaker enterprises.

The particular causes which occasion the strait in which we now happen to be are, in the main, two. One is the extraordinary change in the condition of our international trade as compared with last year. The other is the issue of currency under the SHERMAN act. Our exports show an enormous decline; during the eleven months of the present fiscal year they have been nearly $200,000,000 less than during the same period in the fiscal period 1891-2. The imports, upon the other hand, have swelled, being over $100,000,000 larger than in 1891-2. The decline in the exports is due largely to the fact that we have not the fortunate conditions which prevailed during the last fiscal year—abundant crops at home and sparse crops in Europe. The rise of the imports is due largely to the fact that the McKINLEY tariff act checked importations during the first year of its operation, and that we are now experiencing what has almost universally happened after the imposition of high tariffs—imports are resuming their former proportions. At all events, there has been a heavy balance of payments to be made to the other side, and, as we all know, a very large outflow of specie has consequently taken place. That outflow of specie must be provided, directly or indirectly, by the banks, and causes inevitably a tightening of ordinary credits, and so brings on the difficulties of shaky concerns and enterprises.

With this change in the current of international trade the SHERMAN act has also had its effect. Under conditions like those of the present year an outflow of specie would probably have taken place in any event, and the gold for export would probably have been furnished in good part from the Treasury stock. Under ordinary circumstances this outflow would have been accepted as one of the usual turns of international payments, and would not have caused the anxiety which has prevailed during the last six months. But the monthly issues of Treasury notes by the government on its purchases of silver supply a circulating medium which bids fair to replace permanently the gold which flows out, and increases the direct obligations of the Treasury at the same time that it tends to decrease the means of meeting these obligations in gold. The SHERMAN act, which caused no anxiety and no ill effects under exceptionally favorable circumstances such as prevailed in 1891-2, intensifies the unfavorable conditions of the year 1892-3. Not only does it intensify the immediate financial embarrassments, but it creates a spirit of hesitancy and distrust, which of itself would suffice to create embarrassment under the most favorable conditions. The present depression probably will be tided over without causing further serious embarrassment; but it brings into vivid relief, nevertheless, the evils of our present monetary policy.

OUT OF TOWN FOR THE SUMMER.

THE two things that are roughly estimated to be most essential to the enjoyment of life are health and money. The best place to get health, especially in the summer, is in the country, but the best place to earn money is in town. The annual problem, accordingly, for hundreds of thousands of city-dwellers is how to live in the country and work in town. Nowhere is the problem worked out on such a huge scale as here in New York. The solution of it, of course, for most families, is the suburban dwelling, far enough out of town to offer fresh air and country life, and not too far to be reached by the wage-earner of the family after his day's work is done.

If there is anything new under the sun it is the contemporary practice of living from twenty to a hundred miles distant from the place of earning one's daily bread. The possibility of doing such a thing was never offered to any generation before ours. That hundreds of thousands of people should travel from three to five hours every day to and from their work in New York is a thing that would be hardly credible if one read it in a book, and needs to be observed to be realized. Viewed in bulk, it seems like such a huge expenditure of strength and money and time that one marvels at the general acceptance of urbane industry under such conditions.

But everything is comparative, and life in the summer suburb is comparatively comfortable. It is better than life in town because it is healthier and pleasanter, and it is better than life wholly in the country because it does not involve the sacrifice of one's income. The feasibility of it is one of the things that are building up cities everywhere at the rural districts' expense.

And after all, seen near to, it is not so great a burden as it seems from the distance. One gets used to anything, and there is scarcely anything which, when one has got used to it, does not begin to develop compensations. The common necessity we are all under of eating food three or four times a day must seem an intolerably troublesome arrangement to a being exempt from the need of it. Yet we have got so used to having meals at short intervals that we rather like it, and never think of rebelling at the arrangement because it takes time and makes trouble. It is that way with living out of town. Very quickly it becomes a matter of course, and the suburbanite adapts himself to it as he would to the loss of a leg or any inevitable condition of existence. He forms his habits, and then rests in them and takes it easy. In some particulars it does him great good. The certain prospect of devoting from three to five hours a day in getting back and forth from his home is a lively incentive to him to spend his contracted working hours to the very best advantage. At home, with the hands of the clock moving round toward starting-time, at his office with another clock working ceaselessly toward leaving-time, he is fairly goaded out of the habit of procrastination. He does not wait to begin; he begins. When it is time to start, he starts, and stops short when it is time to stop. And of course he is under a constant incentive to have his preparations in such a forward state that he shall be ready to start and ready to stop when the time comes.

He gets a certain amount of satisfaction, too, from beating his fate. All the pleasure he can have and all the work he can do on the train or boat are clear gain. The acquaintances he makes with other commuters on his route, his casual conversations morning and night, the gossip he picks up, the business he sometimes transacts on the train, the time he saves by reading newspapers on the cars, the fresh air he gets driving to the station or crossing the river, his quickened acquaintance with humanity in general from elbowing his fellow-men in railway stations or on ferry-boats, are all the legitimate spoils of his mode of life. The man whose social instincts are not enlivened by suburban travel must be a very ogre. Seeing pretty much the same crowd of people morning after morning and night after night, he soon gets to know their faces. From that to an exchange of greetings with them is not far, and it is his own fault if presently his daily journeys to and fro are not punctuated with cheering salutations. The commuter cannot easily stagnate or live retired within himself. His daily walk is often quickened into a run, and his conversation is stimulated by the constant proximity of fellow-creatures with whom he has subjects of common interest. If his temperament is sluggish, the tendency of his environment is to wake him up; and if he is defective in solidarity, he puts himself in the direct line of cure when he buys his first commuter's ticket. When you begin to catalogue all the advantages of his manner of life, the wonder soon becomes that any one should neglect such opportunities as his by a persistent residence in town. In summer not many people do neglect them from choice, though a multitude of people forego them from necessity. And even the habit of spending all the year out of town is a growing one, and would grow faster if the abbreviated winter daylight did not fail the commuter's evening paper, and if his wife did not in due time insist upon getting back to the vicinity of the shops.

AN UNFORTUNATE RAIN-MAKER.

We have felt from the beginning that sooner or later the Western rain-maker would get into trouble. It did not seem possible that a man could go about carrying, as it were, thunder-storms in one pocket and long steady rains in another, and not fall into some sort of a complication with common folks who do not have even a heavy dew in the whole house. Now it appears that our apprehensions were reasonable, since one of the leading rain-makers of Kansas is involved in serious legal difficulties.

We gather from the despatches in the daily newspapers that Mr. Schermerhorn Montgomery, of Hankinside, Kansas, is an important and successful producer of rain. His specialty seems to be heavy local showers, and he lays great stress on the alleged fact that his rain always comes nights and Sundays, so that the hired man, working by the month, shall not lose any time. "Farmers," says Mr. Montgomery, in his advertisement, "why patronize the defective and old-fashioned rain-makers, and have your hired man sitting in the barn half the time lying about his wealthy father back in Missouri? Come right to Schermerhorn Montgomery, the Terror of the Farm Hand, and get your rain while you sleep, and keep your man humping himself." This has naturally appealed to the reason of the Kansas agriculturist, and Montgomery has done a rushing business.

It appears further that Mr. Montgomery has claimed this summer to exercise a sort of general supervision over American Horse County, turning on the rain when it was needed, and shutting it off when he thought it had rained enough. Incidentally, he says he has been responsible for the cool northwesterly winds which have blown on the hot days, but he points out that he never charges for wind. "I throw in a wind with each rain ordered," explained Mr. Montgomery, "the same way you get a baked potato when you order a chop. Fogs, frosts, cloudy days, and aurora borealis extra. Earthquakes should be spoken for two days in advance of the time needed." One night about two weeks ago a heavy rain fell in American Horse County. It poured cats and dogs from midnight till three o'clock. Then it cleared off, and an hour later the weary hired man with the wealthy father in a neighboring State heard his employer pounding on the stove-pipe as usual to attract his attention to the fact that it was time to get up. Two hours after this Mr. Montgomery started out to collect one dollar from every farmer in the county for the rain. He met with considerable opposition. "I 'low that wa'n't no artificial rain," protested the first farmer approached. The next one also "reckoned it were a nateral American Hoss County thunder-storm." The third likewise demanded proof that the shower was a Montgomery special. A public meeting was finally called at the Patch school-house, and Montgomery addressed it feelingly. "I produced that rain myself," said he "It came, like all of my rains, in the night, when your hired man can't be put to any practical use. I saw the country needed rain, and I went out last night while you slept and made it. Consequently to-day your fields rejoice and your grateful cattle low their mellow thanksgivings from pastures revivified and gladdened by my beneficent rain." A farmer named Jim Butler arose and asked Montgomery if he was absolutely certain that it was his rain. "Every drop of it," answered Montgomery. "Then," returned the guileless Butler, "you are responsible for the ten acres of my corn which it washed away. I shall sue you for damages." And the sagacious agriculturist mounted his mule and rode to Hankinside, and began suit for $400.

Although this occurred in a somewhat obscure part of far-away Kansas, we do not feel called upon to offer any apology for the amount of space we give it. The science of rain-making is in its infancy. Naturally it is making its start where rain is most often needed, but if it meets with any sort of encouragement from the public it will certainly spread, and artificial rain will become the rule throughout the country. But such suits as that of the unscientific Butler will be fatal to the business. On the other hand, it seems that it will be an impossibility to prevent them. After all, may not the fault lie with the science itself? Can these rain-makers stop their rains? A rain-maker, without his umbrella, standing in the middle of a vast Kansas prairie watching his rain pour down in torrents, and his patrons' crops ride gayly past on the hurrying flood and no way to stop it, must be a most melancholy spectacle. Probably Montgomery knew on that unfortunate night that it was raining too much, and that somebody's crops would suffer, but he could not help it. No doubt he sat there on the wet ground amid the downpour and turned his rain-machine backwards, and abused the day he was born, but it was of no use. It has become more important to know how to stop rain than how to produce it. By-the-way, what has become of Dyrenforth, the official government rain-maker? Perhaps he could shed some light on the subject. Is it possible that Dyrenforth has been overcome by thirst on some Texas prairie where he has gone with his apparatus? Perish the thought!

THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

In deference to a contemporary conviction that recreation and instruction should go hand in hand, there has been a great development of summer schools at summer resorts. They are to be found in the hills and on the sea-shore, within drinking distance of the mineral springs, and even within dancing distance of casinos and the ballrooms of great hotels. Up and down the New England sea-coast you can learn anything, from psychology to skirt-dancing, and can choose not only the "branch" that you will cultivate, but the mountain views or the temperature of the sea-water with which you wish to supplement your studies.

But, sad to say, this has been a discouraging year for the summer schools. The Chicago Fair has been in direct competition with them, and the results have been serious. Some that were still in the experimental stage failed to get pupils enough to start with, and the luckiest have suffered severe defection in their numbers. The school at Cambridge, a pioneer in the movement, which usually assembles some six hundred students, has only gathered about half that number this year. The fair is justly regarded by ambitious minds as the greatest school this present summer offers, and students whose time or money have been limited have invested all their spare days and spare dollars in the visit to Chicago.

Several of these schools have, however, borne up well, even under the existing conditions, and one of these is that at Colorado Springs, whereof Dr. Rolfe, the Shakespearian scholar, is one of the lecturers. A recent number of the *Colorado Gazette* contains a formal expression of the satisfaction of his pupils in his lectures. When it is considered that Dr. Rolfe has not only to contend with the allurements of the fair, but with the natural reluctance of every one in Colorado to think about anything but silver dollars, his success seems a thing for even a most modest man to be proud of.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

It is a rare blessing to have a sense of humor, and not only is this blessing the possession of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, but his fellow-citizens are largely admitted to the enjoyment of it. Mr. Depew is, as he will be the first to admit, an ardent and even a stubborn partisan. We wish that he were not, but we have no heart to lay it up against him, for he has paid dearly for it. It is probable that it has been the sole obstacle to a brilliant and useful public career. Moreover, the sense of humor to which we have referred almost always saves his partisanship from being offensive. For instance, there has recently been going on in the columns of the Republican newspapers a series of interviews with leading men intended to establish the existence of a "Democratic panic," and to persuade us all that the actual unpleasantness is due to the despair in which the country was plunged by the triumph of the policy of tariff reform last November. Mr. Depew's turn came in due time. He was expected to give the weight of his authority to the views of Senator Chandler of New Hampshire and ex-Secretary of War Elkins. He half appeared to do so, but in reality he demolished the logic of those gentlemen. He pointed out that after the election the protected interests took in sail, and thus secured "immunity from failures of mills, factories, furnaces, and their related industries." And then he calmly explained that the main cause of our troubles was the silver law of 1890, which Congress must straightway repeal. When Mr. Depew was invited to this talk, he was gazing at a big play-bill showing a kangaroo boxing with a man. He greeted the reporter with a remark that fairly describes his subsequent interview: "See with what placid persistency that sleek and noble-looking animal gives the upper backhand cut, as it were, with the right fore paw, and counters so beautifully on the body of his antagonist with his left leg!"

It is worth noting, particularly by those who think that the government is the sole and sovereign power for the prevention of all sorts of evil, that there are at the present time in the city of New York some threescore national banks, that these banks are required by law to keep constantly on hand a reserve in cash equal to one-fourth of their deposits, that a considerable number of them have been unable to keep this reserve, so that for some weeks the average holding of cash by all the banks has been below the legal requirement, and yet that no one in New York or in the United States doubts for a moment that every dollar of the deposits in these banks is as safe as if it were in the pockets of the depositors. This remarkable state of things excites no remark, because it has come about in the natural course of events, and in pursuance of the laws of mutual and common interest, far more potent than any laws that Congress can pass or the courts enforce. Practically the solvency of every bank in the Clearing-house is guaranteed by all the others, and this guaranty is absolute and accepted as such. It is agreed upon and applied by the voluntary action of the bank officers through a simple representative system, which, though requiring a very high degree of intelligence and perfect fidelity, works without friction or defect. Not only are the solvency of the banks and the interests of the depositors and shareholders thus safeguarded, but there has been created and kept in use for weeks a species of negotiable security, automatically redeemable and redeemed, of perfect safety, the issue of which has reached the sum of over $22,000,000, and which has taken the place and done the work of legal-tender currency. In this way many millions of commercial credits have been made possible and many tens of millions of losses have been avoided without the authority of law or any intervention of the government. We earnestly commend these facts to the patient reflection of those who think that the government is the only sufficient care-taker for free American citizens.

There seems to be a subtle and unevadable law by which bathing-houses shall be hideous. From Maine to Florida, wherever men and women go down to the sea in bathing-dress, leaving behind their usual apparel, the latter is pretty sure to be hanging in a rectangular wooden box, with no more claim to beauty than the dog-house that the male child constructs with his first set of tools. We do not ask that architects shall devote their time and genius to the designing of ornate or solid bath-houses, but will not some enterprising landlord or cottager learn that even these houses could be made tolerable to the eye by a low-pitched roof projecting in front say three or four feet, and supported by plain braced brackets? It is a simple notion enough, and a very slight expenditure of white and Indian-red paint would make the little structures not only tolerable but attractive. The tone and color of the sea-shore invite the simplest forms of decoration, and generally any thought of relief by vegetation is forbidden, but this utterly unornate and yet harmonious design would be everywhere possible.

We do not know that men would bet any less on horse-races if they knew that there was very little honor in them, but it is perhaps worth while to point out that honest horse-racing is a luxury in which only very rich men can afford to indulge. The expense of raising and keeping running horses for racing is enormous. It includes not only the cost of breeding or buying, but the training, the hire of jockeys, the transportation from track to track, the insurance against loss of the delicate blooded animals or of their injury from accident, with a multitude of incidental expenditures. Now the actual stakes that can be won, even by a successful horse, would not only yield no profit on such an investment, but would not return the outlay, and owners rely on what they can get from betting themselves. But if a horse is run "straight" every time, the betting men soon know as much about him as the owner, and the latter can get no bets. To introduce the element of uncertainty, which is the condition precedent to betting, the horse must be manipulated, and on the skill, not to say the unscrupulousness, with which that is done depend the profits of the owner. This is the simple "business end" of horse-racing, and is acknowledged to be so by experts, so that when a man bets on races he takes his chances, not of naming the best horse, but of being on the same side as the owner. That may make the game more exciting, but it does not make it any safer.

There is something very attractive in the combativeness of youth, and when M. Zola, "hardened Positivist" as he called himself, challenged the students of Paris not to abandon the lines on which he had been so long trying to conduct them, we had a joyous confidence that a champion of the new faith would take up the gauntlet. One has been found, with an honored name, in the person of Léon Daudet, the eldest son of the novelist Alphonse Daudet, who is said to inherit from his mother a tendency to mystical philosophy, and who clearly derives from his father a happy audacity of style. For instance, here is his description of the spirit against which in part the new school, the School of Mysticism, rises in revolt: "The medical spirit—to pass incessantly from cause to effect, from effect to cause; to interpret the genius by the madman, and the madman by the genius; to regard life only from the point of view of evolution, from seed to tree, from the embryo to the adult; to localize the passions; to inflict on the family heredity, on the race ethnical laws; to analyze, to dissect, to falsify at need the appearances of truth in order to put man, the *subject*, the *diseased*, in dependence upon laws as hard and impenetrable as religious dogmas with poesy and consolation left out." When he comes to define the reaction against this apparently desolating spirit, he is, naturally enough, not so definite. It is so much easier to say what one rejects than even to discover what one accepts. All that he can say is that "mysticism is the excessive impulse of hearts enamored of the ideal, and is a trait of the imagination, like jealousy or avarice. One is born a mystic." Nevertheless, according to this brave young prophet, Positivism is dying, and since this is so, he cries, with the charming impudence of youth, "let it die with smiling lips, and spare us the spectacle of an unseemly death-struggle, unworthy a savant and a sage."

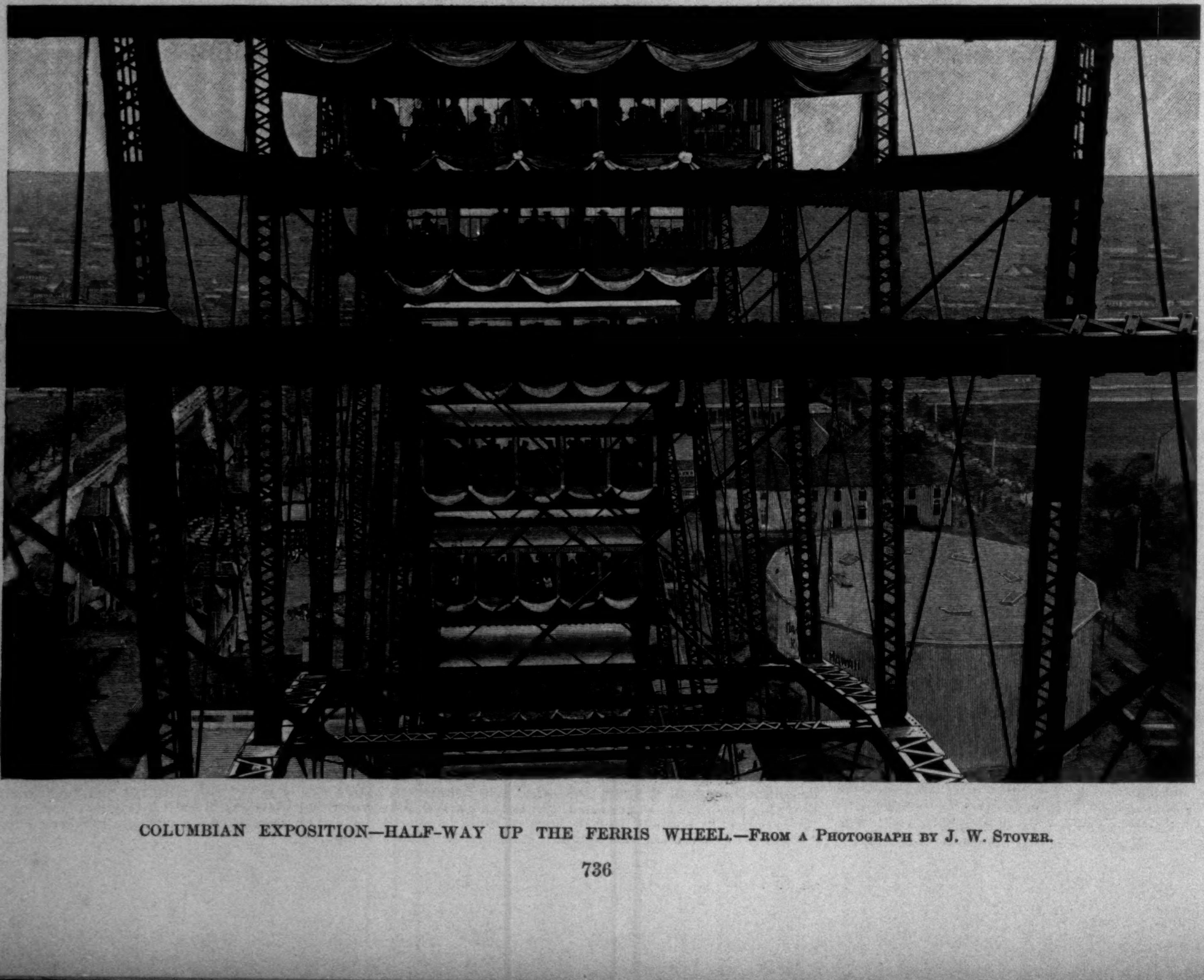
M. DEVELLE,
The French Minister of Foreign Affairs who sent the Ultimatum to Siam.

OUR VISITING INDIAN PRINCE.
The Rajai Rajagau of Kapurthala.—[See Page 742.]

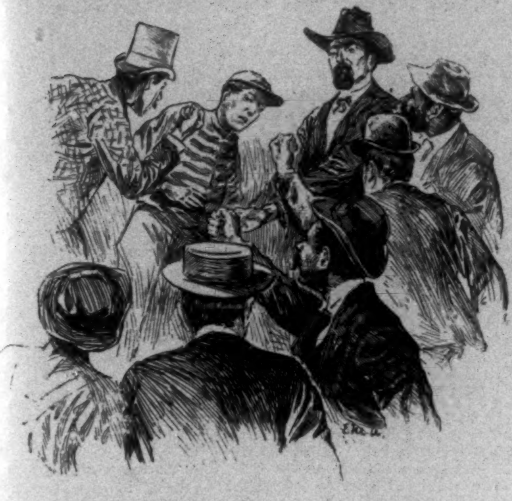
LIEUTENANT POWHATAN H. CLARKE, U. S. A.
Drowned recently in the Little Big Horn River.—[See Page 739.]

J. H. ECKELS,
Comptroller of the Currency.—[See Page 749.]

ESTANISLAS S. ZEBALLOS,
To Argue the Argentine Republic's Case before President Cleveland.—[See Page 739.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—HALF-WAY UP THE FERRIS WHEEL.—From a Photograph by J. W. Stover.



"EF YOU'RE GOIN' TO BLAME ANYBODY, BLAME ME."

THE STORY AS SUE TOLD IT.

BY MARGARET MANTON MERRILL.

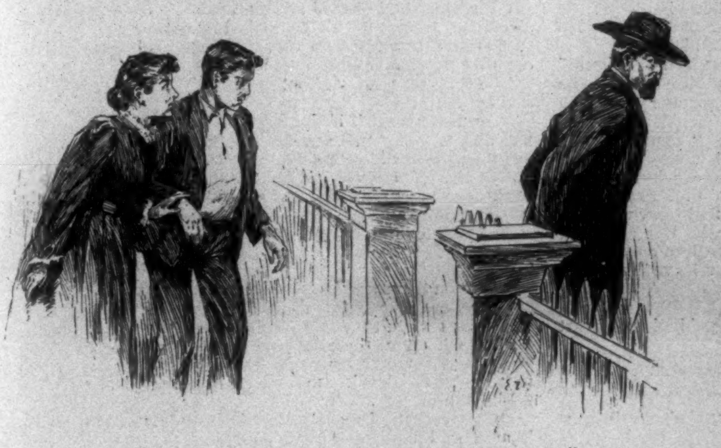
YOU see, 'twas this way. We was livin' out West, an', ye know, Jim al'ays c'd do anything with a ho's'. He started in with the herd, an' it happened one day that a big ho's'man from Californy was a-watchin' the spring round-up. He stood on the outside o' the corral an' see Jim a-cuttin' out his ho'ses.

"Who's that little feller?" says he.

Nobody knowed who he was, only 't he was Jim Collins, one o' the herders. After the brandin' was done, this ho's'man he hunted up Jim.

"Look a-here, young feller," says he, "how much be ye gittin' a month?"

"Twenty dolla's," says Jim, "an' my feed."



"THEN LAWTON SLAMS THE GATE AND WALKS OFF."

"Twenty dolla's a month!" says the ho's'man. "Why, a chap 'at c'n handle ho'ses the way I see you handle them broncos this aft'noon ought t' be makin' twenty dolla's a day, an' more too."

"Well," says Jim, "ef you was to hunt the range over you couldn't find nobody more willin' t' make twenty dolla's a day 'n I be."

'Cause, you see, me an' Jim was a-keepin' comp'ny 't the time, an' my ol' dad kind o' thought Jim wa'n't much good, 'cause he was so little. "When that feller gits so's he c'n take 's good care o' you 's your ol' dad does," says he to me, "he c'n hev you, an' not before;" an' when dad said a thing he mos' gen'ally al'ays meant it.

I didn' wan' to go agen him, 'cause dad was al'ays mighty good to me. So there we was, an' we both felt awful bad about it. An' when this ho's'man spoke about twenty dolla's a day, Jim got int'rested right off.

"You don' know me," says the ho's'man to Jim, "an' I don' know you. But I'm willin' to take chances ef you be. My name's Joe Lawton. Reckon you've heerd o' me."

"Yes," says Jim. "Reckon everybody's heerd o' you 't ever heerd anything 'bout Californy race-ho'ses."

"Well," says Lawton, "I'm a-goin' home to-morrow, an' 's you're out of a job now" (you see the herders' contracts ends with the spring round-up), "you come 'long with me, an' I'll take care o' you. I'll make you a jockey, an' a durn good one, too."

Lawton seemed to think 't was queer 't Jim hadn't thought of it himself.

"You're just the right weight," says he, "an' you're built for it, an', more 'n all, you know how to handle a ho's'."

Well, o' course Jim was pleased, 'cause handlin' ho'ses was his business, an' it was a great thing to have a big ho's'man like Lawton say things like that.

"Well," says Lawton, "will you go?"

"I'm willin' enough to go," says Jim, "but—"

"Well," says Lawton, "out with it. You got a gal, I s'pose?"

"Yes," says Jim; "that's right; I have."

"An' o' course they ain't no other gal like 'er on earth," says Lawton, a-laughin' an' a-winkin' at Jim.

"Bet yer life they ain't," says Jim.

"What's the matter with takin' 'er 'long?" says Lawton. "Reckon Californy's big 'nough fur both o' ye."

"Well, ef you'll square it with her ol' man," says Jim, "so's he'll let us get married, it 'll be all right, an' we'll go 'long with you."

"Oh, I'll fix that," says Lawton; an' he did. He made dad think 't Jim was a wonder. Said they wa'n't nothin' to hinder him bein' rich in a few years. Dad never had nothin' agen Jim, only 't he was little an' couldn't make much money. But when Lawton told him 't Jim could earn a lot o' money 'count o' bein' so little, he was satisfied. So we got married an' started fur Californy with Lawton the next mornin'.

'Fore three months Jim was a-ridin' in stake races an' makin' big money. All to once sunthin' happened 't made us a lot o' trouble. But it wa'n't Jim's fault. Mebbe he was some to blame. But if he'd a-been let alone it 'u'd never 'a' happened. You see, he got in 'long with a lot o' them racin' men, an' he got to backin' his mounts with big money, same's they did. He was drinkin' a lot, too, an' that was really what done him up.

They was a young chap name o' Ned Hawkins out there. His father'd made a pile in the placers, an' the young feller was anxious to help him spend it. Him an' Jim got to be great chums, 'count o' Ned bein' 'round the track so much. Ned was always stuck to make a big winnin'. He talked about it all the time. He was a pretty wild boy, an' he had a lot o' debts 't he didn't want his ol' man to find out about. One night Jim an' Ned was out together, an' they had a pretty good time, I guess, 'cause Jim didn't come home 't all. They was a big race the next aft'noon, an' in the mornin' Ned says:

"You ain't in very good shape to ride to-day, Jim. Better have some champagne. It 'll brace you up."

So they had some champagne. I guess mebbe they had a good bit. An' while they was a-drinkin', Ned he kep' on a-wishin' he could make a pile.

"They's a good chance for you to-day," says Jim. "I'm goin' to win with that bay two-year-old sure, an' they'll be long odds agen her. Nobody knows what she can do but me an' Lawton. He's backin' her heavy, an' I'm putt'n' up all I got."

O' course that fired Ned up right off. "Lord, I wish I had some money!" says he.

"Can't you get some?" says Jim.

Ned thought a minute, an' then he says: "They's one way I could get some. I could get a note cashed at the bank. I'd make it for thirty days, an' take it up to-morrow—ef you're sure the filly 'll win."

"Dead sure," says Jim.

"That settles it," says Ned. "We'll take another drink, an' I'll go an' get the cash."

An' he did get it, a thousand dolla's, an' put it on the filly. An' Jim bet all the money he had, jus' 's he said he was goin' to.

Jim didn't feel very good that aft'noon, an' he must 'a' looked it. Jus' 's he was goin' to mount, Lawton comes up. "What's the matter with you?" says he. "You look all broke up."

"I'm all right," says Jim.

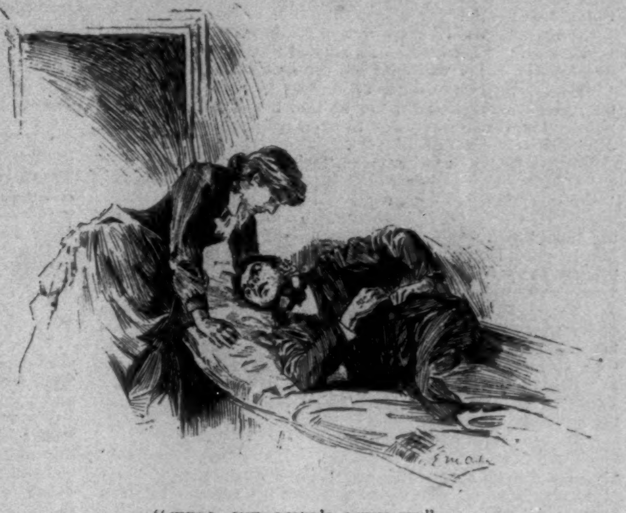
"Well, you don't look it, by a durn sight," says Lawton. "You better have sunthin'. Here, boy, run into the bar an' get me a pint o' champagne."

"I do' want no champagne, Mr. Lawton," says Jim.

"Well, you got to have it, whether you want it or not," says Lawton. "You ain't goin' to ride this here race for fun."

Then he poured out a whole tumblerful, an' o' course Jim had to drink it, an' 'twas jus' one drink too many. He mounted the filly an' cantered down to the start all right, an' when they got off he seemed to be ridin' all right, till he turned into the stretch. Then he begun to sway. I was in the gran' stan' watchin' him, an' I held my breath. I thought sure he was goin' to fall. He 'peared to lose all control o' the filly, an' she swerved all over the track. Course she was beat clear out o' sight, an' I felt awful bad. But ef I'd a-knew what trouble it was goin' to make for us, I'd 'a' felt a heap worse. They come near bein' trouble then an' there, 'cause a lot o' people had put their money on the filly jus' on 'count o' Jim ridin' her, an' o' course they see 'twas his fault, 'cause if she'd a-been rode right she'd 'a' won. They ain't no doubt 'bout that. An' those fellers was awful mad. They come a-pilin' over into the paddock where Jim was a-gettin' down, an' I do' know what they'd 'a' done to him ef Lawton hadn't a-interfered. He walks right up an' takes Jim by the arm.

"Look a-here," says he to the crowd. "Ef you're goin' to blame anybody, blame me. The boy's sick, an' I knowed he was sick, an' I hadn't no business to let him try to ride. I'm a bigger loser 'n any o' you, anyhow."



"WELL, SUE, LUCK'S AGEN US."

Jim seemed kind o' dazed like. He didn't 'pear to know what was going on. Lawton kep' a hold of him an' led him off to his dressin'-room.

"Never mind, Jim," says he. "It's a bad go, but we'll make it up on the next race. You've won too many stakes for me to go back on you for this. Here's Sue. You get dressed an' go 'long home with her. P'r'aps I'll come 'round to-night an' see how you be. Don't let him worry, Sue," says he to me as he goes off. "One race ain't a-goin' to break us."

We hadn't more'n got into the dressin'-room when in come Ned, an' he was jus' wild.

"D—n you," he says, "what 'd you mean by tellin' me that filly was goin' to win? You made me put a thousand on her, an' then you throwed the race. I know you did. I see you do it myself."

Jim kind o' roused up a little at that, and says, "That's likely, after I'd backed her myself with every red I had."

"Oh, you'll get your money back," says Ned, sneerin', "an' plenty more with it. But I'll fix you. I'm goin' to tell ol' Lawton what you done to me."

"I 'ain't done no more to you 'n I done to myself," says Jim. "Come, Sue, le's go home."

So Jim got his colors off, an' we went an' left Ned a-cussin', an' a-swearin' he was a-goin' to tell Lawton an' fix Jim.

"What's he got to tell Lawton?" says I to Jim as we was a-goin' home.

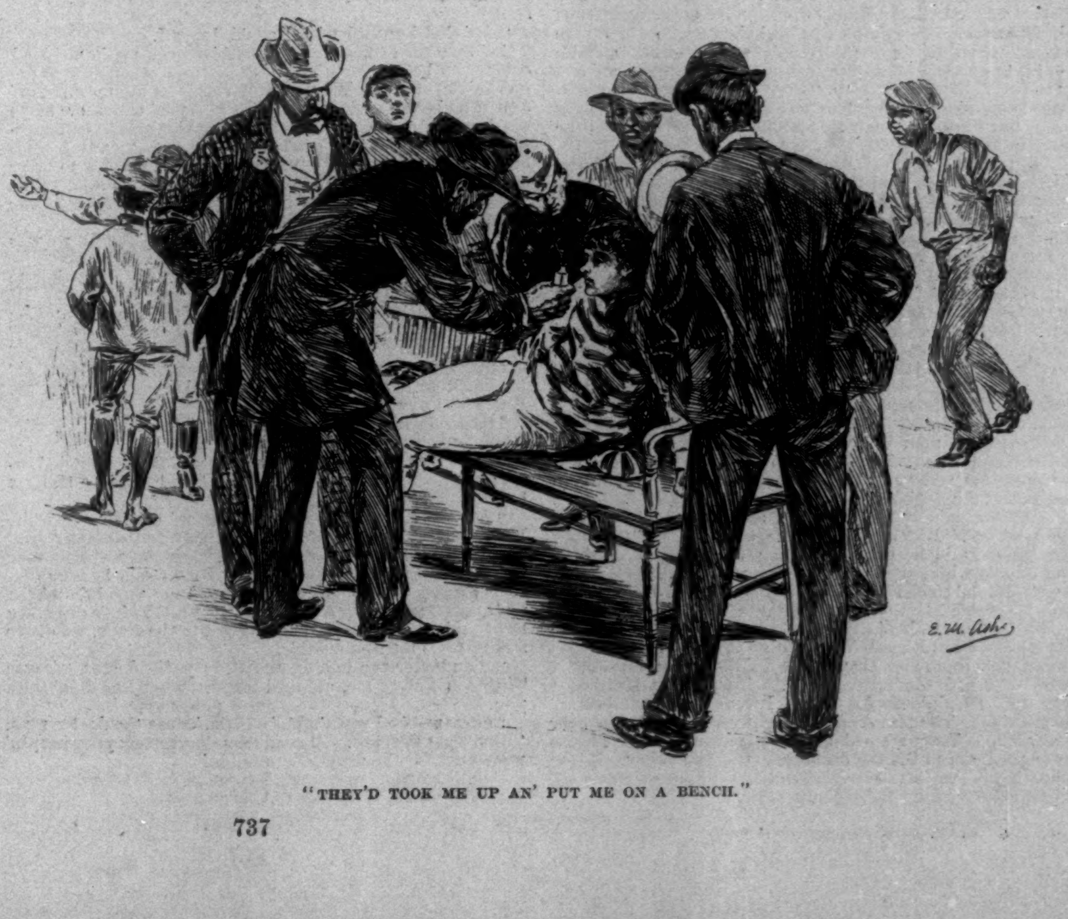
"He 'ain't got nothin' to tell him," says Jim, "only 't I said the filly'd win, an' he put his money on her. He 'ain't got no sand nohow, or he wouldn't squeal like that. Lawton won't bother with him. He'll tell him to go to the devil."

An' then I as'd Jim what ailded him in the race. "I thought you was goin' to fall," says I.

"Oh," says Jim, "I was full o' champagne. I'm as dizzy as a fool yet. I didn't sleep none las' night. But I do' know what got the matter with me at the las' quarter. 'Peared like my strength all went away to once. I thought I was goin' to fall myself for a minute."

"How much did you lose, Jim?" says I.

"Never mind what I lose," says he. "It's Lawton I care about. I wouldn't 'a' minded it half so much if he'd a-cussed me. Him takin' it the way he did broke me all up.



"THEY'D TOOK ME UP AN' PUT ME ON A BENCH."

I tell you, Sue, they ain't no whiter man on earth 'n Joe Lawton. An' you bet I'll make this up to him, if I live long enough. You c'n jus' put it down in yer book, I'm done with night games an' drinkin' from this out."

I was mighty glad to hear Jim say that, 'cause I'd been worryin' a good bit. I hadn't said nothin' to him. 'Tain't no use sayin' anything to a man when he gets a-goin' like that. He'll pull up himself if he's any good, an' if he ain't any good you might as well let him go.

Mr. Lawton come 'round that evenin' jus' 's he said he would. Jim 'd had a nap an' his supper, an' he felt better. "Ef Lawton comes 'round," he'd said to me, "I'm goin' to thank him for the way he acted to-day."

So when we see Lawton comin' up the road we went out to the gate to meet him. Jim started to shake hands. But he stopped quick when he see the look on Lawton's face. "You're a nice chap for a white man to have 'round him, ain't you?" he says to Jim, an' he said it 's if he was a-bitin' nails. I never knowed Joe Lawton could speak like that. Jim was took right off his feet.

"Why, Mr. Lawton," says he, "what d' you mean?"

"Oh, you know d—d well what I mean!" says Lawton. "You're a thief. That's what you be."

Jim kind o' caught his breath. Then he straightens up an' looks Lawton right in the face, an' says he, "Look a-here, Mr. Lawton, I know I done a bad job for you to-day, an' I'm mighty sorry for it. But I ain't no thief, an' I won't allow you nor no other man to say I be."

"Aw, don't gi' me none o' that!" says Lawton. "I'd like to know what you call it when you coax a boy to forge his father's name so's to get money to back your mount, an' then do him out of it." Jim jus' looked at him. He was so s'prised he couldn't speak. An' Lawton kep' on. "I know all about it," says he. "Ned Hawkins come to me this aft'noon an' tol' me."

"Tol' you what?" says Jim.

"Tol' me what?" says Lawton. "He tol' me 't you said you had a dead sure thing with that filly, an' you got him to forge his father's name to a note for a thousand dolla's to back her with, an' you an' him was goin' to whack up the winnin's. It seems you was givin' us the double cross, for the boy tells me 't he can prove 't you throwed the race, an' I wouldn't put it past you now 't I know 'bout this other thing."

"It's a lie," says Jim, "the hull of it."

"Then you didn't tell the boy you had a sure thing?" says Lawton.

"Yes," says Jim, "I did tell him that, but—"

"I do' want none o' yer buts," says Lawton. "You did tell him that, so there's one thing 't ain't a lie. Did you tell him to go to the bank an' get a thousand dolla's to back the filly?"

"I'll tell you jus' what I tol' him ef you'll let me talk," says Jim.

"Tell me first 'bout this thousand-dolla' business," says Lawton. "Did you know he was goin' to get it—yes or no?"

"Yes, I knowed he was goin' to get it," says Jim; "but if you'll let me explain—"

"Explain?" says Lawton. "To h—l with your explanations! You've confessed enough to hang a man in this country, an' I do' want another word out o' you. I never want to see you or hear o' you again. But I'll jus' tell you this. That boy's in for a thousand dolla's. Ef it ain't paid in thirty days he'll go to jail. I know his father. He won't let up on him. An' the boy tol' me to-day 't he 'ain't got a cent on earth, nor no way o' gettin' one. Now you're jus' 's much to blame 's he is. More, too, 'cause you're older an' you got better sense. They's one o' two things you got to do. Either get that money for him or go 'long to jail with him. You ought to be able to pay it easy after what you done to-day. Ef you can't you sold out mighty cheap. One thing's sure: you can't ride no more in this State. You better go back to Colorado an' go to herdin' broncos again. I should think they'd be just about mean enough to suit you."

An' then Lawton slams the gate an' walks off without another word. Me an' Jim jus' stood an' looked at one 'nother fur 'bout a minute. Jim was as white as a ghost. Then he jus' dropped down on the ground.

"My God!" says he, "what 'll I do?"

"Why, you can prove you didn't do it, Jim," says I. "It's easy 'nough to run down lies like them."

"No," says Jim, "'tain't easy in this case," an' then he tol' me all about the whole business from beginnin' to end.

"I never dreamed 't he was goin' to get the money in any way 't wa'n't straight," says Jim. "He never mentioned his father, an' they wa'n't a word said 'bout whackin' up the winners neither. As for throwin' the race—well," an' Jim put his hand in his pocket, pulled out seven coppers, an' laid 'em down on the gate step, "that's all I've got on earth. That looks like payin' a thousand dolla's, don't it? specially when Lawton says I can't ride no more out here. An' if he says so that settles it."

"But it don't settle it everywhere," says I. "Californy ain't the only place in the world, an' Joe Lawton ain't the only man, neither. An' I don't see why you should pay this money. You didn't have nothin' to do with gettin' it. Why don't you stick up fur your rights?"

But Jim said he couldn't do nothin' with Lawton agen him.

"Besides that," says he, "I be to blame. Ned wouldn't never 'a' thought o' gettin' the money ef I hadn't a-told him what I did. Lawton's right. I ought to pay that thousand dolla's, or else I ought to go to jail. I can't get the money, an' I won't go to jail—I'll kill myself first."

'Twa'n't no use to argue with Jim. He would stick to it he was to blame. So I give it up. I tell you it wa'n't no picnic a-livin' with him the next three weeks. He ain't the patientest man in the world, anyhow. At last I got to feelin' blue myself. In less 'n ten days that note was a-comin' due, and we wa'n't a mite nearer havin' the money 'n we was at the beginnin'. I'd tried everything I could think of. I wrote an' tol' dad 'bout it, an' asked him ef he wouldn't help us out. But he'd heard the wrong side o' the story first, an' he said he thought I was a fool to have anything more to do with such a feller as Jim was, an' that I'd better leave him an' come home. 'S ef I'd go back on Jim when he was in trouble like that! Dad ought to 'a' knowed me better.

Well, the days kep' a-draggin' by, an' Jim kep' on a-sayin' that he'd kill himself 'fore he'd go to jail. I went to bed one night plumb discouraged. I jus' thought to myself, "I wish we'd both die 'fore mornin'." 'Long 'bout daybreak I got up. I hadn't slep' a wink. I went to the window an' looked out. The first streaks o' light was jus' a-comin' over the range. They seemed like long red and yaller fingers reachin' down to lift the darkness out o' the valley. All to once they come into my head sunthin' I'd heard about the night bein' darkest jus' 'fore daylight.

"It's a sign o' good luck," says I, "fur Jim an' me. Sunthin's goin' to turn up to help us"; an' sure 'nough sunthin' did.

'Fore Jim was up that mornin' one o' the stable-boys brought a despatch that had been sent to the track. I run and waked Jim up. Somehow I thought it was good news, an' sure 'nough 'twas. It come from a ho's'man in Kentucky. I've got it right here. We've al'ays kep' it. I'll read it to you:

"LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *May 5th.*

"*James Collins, care Joseph Lawton, San Antonio Stables, Sacramento, California:*

"Can you ride my mare —— for Kentucky stakes May 13th? My boy dead. All other good boys engaged. Mare can win if well ridden. Guarantee you $250 and expenses win or lose; $1500 if you win. Keep terms secret. Answer quick. HENRY THURSTON."

"Henry Thurston," says Jim. "That's the man 't come out here to buy Chiquita. He see me ride her. May 13th! This is the 6th. I've jus' got time to get there. That cussed note's due on the 14th. Good God! Sue, if I win!"

"Don't say 'if,' Jim," says I. "You will win. You must win. Oh, I knowed they'd be some way out of it!"

Then we jus' set down an' cried like two big babies. Finally Jim says, "But, Sue, we 'ain't got no money to go with."

"There's them ear-rings you gi' me," says I; "I'll sell 'em. You can buy me plenty more when I want 'em"

Well, we started that aft'noon. Jim got off at the first station an' telegraphed to Thurston. He wouldn't do it from home, he was so 'fraid some one would get on to it an' make trouble for him.

It's wonderful how hope 'll cheer anybody up. Jim wa'n't like the same man. He was jus' as sure o' winnin' that money 's ef he had it right in his hand. We struck a wash-out jus' beyond Kansas City, an' it delayed us so 't we didn't get to Louisville till about three hours before the race. Jim took me to a hotel, an' then he said he'd go an' see ef he could find Thurston. In less time 'n it takes me to tell you 'bout it, they came a knock on the door.

"Come in," says I.

A man stuck his head in, an' says he: "Your husban's got hurt. 'Tain't nothin' serious. But they're bringin' him up stairs, an' I thought I'd come an' tell ye."

'Fore I could say a word the men come carryin' my poor Jim. He'd fell down stairs an' broke his hip. I never see such a look 's Jim give me when they laid him down. It jus' seemed 's ef every bit o' life 'd gone out o' him. He says, in a voice that didn't sound a bit like his:

"Well, Sue, luck's agen us. We may as well give it up."

I didn't say a word. I couldn't. They didn't seem to be nothin' to say. The men got a doctor right away. When he felt o' Jim's hip he shook his head.

"It's a compound fracture," says he. "You'll have to take sunthin' 'fore you can have it set. I was so upset that they sent me out, an' I went an' stood by a winder in the settin'-room. I waited there an hour, an' ef I live to be a hunderd years old I'll never forget what that hour was like. Then the doctor come in an' tol' me that Jim was all right, but he seemed so nervous that he'd gave him sunthin' to make him sleep, an' he thought I'd better leave him alone for an hour or two, so's he'd get rested.

"All right, sir," says I.

He was a gray-haired man, this doctor, an' he had a heart 's big as an ox.

"Don't feel so bad, little woman," says he; "your husban's all right. He'll be laid up fur a while, but 'tain't 's if we'd 'a' had to take his leg off, now, is it?"

"Oh, you don't understan'," says I. "Jim's gettin' hurt has jus' ruined us."

"How's that?" says the doctor. "Come, tell me all about it. Mebbe I can help you."

"No, you can't," says I; "nobody can't help us." But I tol' him 'bout it, 'cause I felt so kind o' all alone, an' it seemed good to talk to somebody. The doctor wiped his eyes more'n once while I was a-tellin' him.

"You poor child," says he, "I'm awful sorry. Can't anything be done? Can't you find somebody that 'll ride for him?"

"T's too late now," says I; "the ho'ses 'll start in less 'n an hour."

The doctor got up an' walked to the winder. "I wish to goodness I could do it for you," he says, kind o' half to himself.

"An' God knows I wish I could," says I.

An' then all of a sudden it flashed over me 't mebbe I could. I'd been out with Jim lots o' times when he was exercisin' the horses. We used to go early in the mornin', an' Jim 'd make me wear a suit o' his clo's, an' ride same as he did, 'cause o' course you couldn't put a side-saddle on a race-ho's'. I'd al'ays been a good rider, an' I wa'n't a mite afraid, an' Jim give me lots o' points 'bout startin', an how to drive at the finish. He used to praise me, and once he said, "Like 'nough I'll break my neck some day, an' you'll have to ride for me."

It all come back to me now as I thought o' the fix we was in, an' poor Jim a-lyin' upstairs as helpless as a baby.

"Doctor," says I, "I'm a-goin' to try it. I've got time to get there, 'ain't I?"

The doctor looked at his watch. "Yes," says he. "You can jus' 'bout do it. But do you s'pose they'll let you ride?"

"They won't know it's me," says I. "Jim's clo's jus' fits me. You go bring me that suit you took off o' him, an' I'll put it on. This man Thurston never see Jim close to. He won't know the difference."

The doctor looked kind o' doubtful fur a minute. "You're sure you won't get hurt?" says he.

"No," says I, "they ain't no danger o' that. Oh, do hurry, doctor, an' get the clo's," says I, 'cause the idea had got hold o' me then, you see, an' I was jus' crazy.

"All right," says he, an' he went an' got 'em, an' while I was puttin' 'em on he found somebody to look after Jim. Then we got in the doctor's buggy, 'cause he said he'd take me, an' started for the track. The doctor said he wouldn't 'a' knowed me at all, the clo's changed me so. I'd twisted my hair all up on top o' my head, an' pulled Jim's cap down tight back o' my ears. When we got to the track, we drove straight to Thurston's stable.

"You better run in by yourself," says the doctor, "'cause Thurston knows me, an' he'd wonder what I'm doin' with you."

I guess mebbe I was shakin' a little, 'cause the doctor says: "Don't get nervous. A good deal depends on your keepin' your head for the next few minutes."

"I'm all right," says I, an' I went on into the stable.

"Where's Mr. Thurston?" I asked a boy.

"That's him, there, goin' over to the paddock," says the boy.

"Run an' tell him," says I, "that Collins, the Californy jockey, is here."

"Why," says the boy, "Thurston's been a-lookin' for you for three hours. He thought sunthin' 'd happened to you, an' he's wild. He's got another boy."

"Run an' tell him," says I, "that I'm here, an' I can ride."

The boy caught up with Mr. Thurston, an' he come a hurryin' back.

"I'd give you up," says he.

I begun to explain about the delay, but he stopped me an' says: "Never mind that now. Get into your colors, and hurry over. I'll fix it with the other boy. The mare's gone already."

The stable-boy got me some colors, an' I stepped into an empty stall an' put 'em on. Then I hurried over to the paddock, an' got there jus' in time to be weighed in. I was only three pounds under weight, an' that was easily fixed, an' a minute later I was standin' by Bonnie Belle gettin' Thurston's instructions.

"Lay well back until you get into the stretch," says he, "then come hard, an' you'll win easy. They's nothin' else that can touch her except that ugly brute Trojan, an' I ain't much afraid o' him. But don't use the whip."

The post bell rang, and it was time for me to mount. I didn't do it as easy 's I'd ought to, bein' in Jim's place. Thurston give me a quick sharp look, but he didn't say nothin'. I didn't give him no chance, 'cause I started right off. As I passed the gran' stan' I heerd the folks a-cheerin' an' a-shoutin':

"There she is!" "That's Bonnie Belle!" "There goes the winner!"

Then I begun to realize for the first where I was an' what I'd undertook to do. An' ef I'd a-felt jus' 's I did then while they was time to back out, I don't believe I'd 'a' tried it. But I was in for it now. I thought o' poor Jim, an' that braced me up again, an' I went on to the starter. They was only five horses, an' we got the flag right away without any breaks.

I felt Bonnie Belle bound under me like a bundle o' steel springs. She didn't seem to weigh more'n a feather. At the first quarter we was all in a bunch. I was a-holdin' Bonnie Belle back jus' 's Thurston 'd tol' me to. Jus' 'fore we got to the half-mile Trojan's jockey begun to let him out. The other ho'ses crep' up a little. I kep' on a-holdin' back. 'Fore we got to the three-quarters they was all ahead o' me. But Bonnie Belle was a-pullin' hard, an' when we'd run the mile she'd passed all but Trojan. He was a length ahead, an' a-goin' for all 't was in him. So 't jus' 'fore we turned into the stretch they was two lengths between us. I couldn't wait no longer; I let her go.

"Now!" says I. "Now! Good girl! Win! Win fur Jim an' me!"

It seemed a'most 's if she flew, but that black devil ahead was a-flyin' too. She got her nose nearly up to his saddle, an' then she couldn't get no further. An awful fear took hol' o' me. There was the finish-line only a furlong off. I could feel 't Bonnie Belle was a-doin' her level best, an' she wasn't gainin' an inch.

The people on the stan' begun to yell: "She's beat! she's beat!" "The Belle's beat!" "Trojan wins!" "Trojan! Trojan!"

I tell you them words come down on my heart like chunks o' ice. I see everything all in a flash, jus' 's they say folks sees things when they die—Jim's pale face with that heart-broke look on it, the note due to-morrow, Jim 'rested, in prison, our whole lives black, black, black forever, an' still that beast kep' ahead. It seemed 's ef he'd a hunderd devils inside o' him.

Only twenty rod more! Bonnie Belle flew on like a bird. Trojan still held his half a length. An' the crowd kep' a-shoutin':

"Trojan wins!" "Trojan! Trojan!"

All to once sunthin' seemed to take hold o' me. I jus' got desperate. I brought the whip down on Bonnie Belle with all my might and sent in the spurs.

"Now, Bonnie! Now! Fur Jim's sake! Fur God's sake! You must win! You shall win! O God, help us to win!"

I couldn't only gasp the words, but I'll always believe 't Bonnie Belle understood. Two jumps more an' she was at Trojan's neck. All her blue blood was up. Another jump an' she was even. One more an' I landed her under the finish-line first by a head. The race was mine, an' Jim was saved.

I never was much on prayin', an' I 'ain't never made no great perfessions. But when I prayed for that race, I b'lieve God heard me. The parsons say He don't take much stock in ho's'-racin'. But He helped me that day, sure. An' when I pulled Bonnie Belle up an' rode back to salute the judge, I jus' kep' a-sayin' over 'n' over: "Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!"

They said the people went plumb crazy, but I didn't hear 'em. I didn't hear nothin', nor see nothin', nor sense nothin', only 't I could go back an' tell Jim.

How I ever got down an' weighed out I don't know. It had to be done, you know, else the race wouldn't be mine; an' when I stepped off the scales, I didn't know nothin' more till I felt somebody tryin' to pour sunthin' down my throat. Then I opened my eyes. There was Thurston, the weigher, and two or three jockeys. They said I'd tumbled down in a dead faint, an' they'd took me up an' put me on a bench. They was the most 'stonished-lookin' set o' men I ever see, 'cause when they'd lifted me my cap 'd fell off, an' down 'd come my hair. Soon 's I could speak I says to Mr. Thurston: "Is it all right? Did I win?"

"Well," says he, "you won, but I don't know whether it's all right or not. Who be ye?"

"I'm Collins, all right," says I, 'cause I knowed that was the name that was up for Bonnie Belle's rider. "But I ain't Jim Collins. I'm Sue Collins, Jim's wife."

"Well," says Thurston, "if your name's Collins the race is all right. But where's your husban'? Why didn't he ride?"

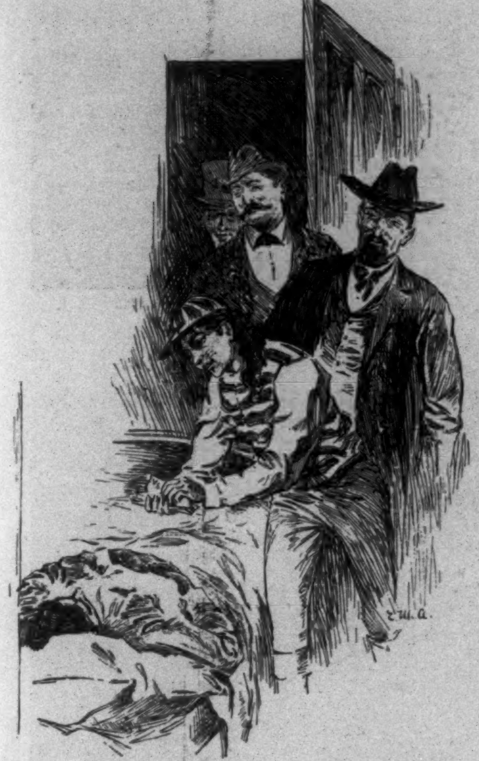
"I'll tell you all 'bout it," says I. "'Tain't no more'n right 't you should know."

So I up an' tells 'em the story, same 's I've told it to you, an' it jus' seemed to break 'em all up.

"You see," says I, "that race was run for bigger stakes 'n you knowed anything 'bout."

"An' you won 'em fair an' square, Sue," says a voice jus' behind me. I turned 'roun', an' who do you think was there? Jim? No. How could Jim 'a' got there? 'Twas ol' Joe Lawton. Yes, sir, ol' Joe Lawton, an' d'you know the tears was jus' a-runnin' out'n his eyes. He come up to the bench an' says he:

"Sue, I've been a dam' scoundrel, an' I'm willin' to get



"AND HOLDS THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLA'S RIGHT 'FORE HIS EYES."

down on my knees an' tell you so. God knows I didn't mean to do it."

"Ef you'd 'a' only listened to Jim," says I.

"Yes, I know, girl, I know," says he. "But I didn't. The only thing I can do now is to try an' make it up to him." An' then he jus' gathered me up in his arms. "You blessed little woman!" says he. "You've got the stuff in you. I'd back you every time."

"That's all right," says I, "but we're a-losin' time. I want to go an' tell Jim. Won't you gi' me the money, so's I can take it to him, Mr. Thurston?" says I.

"Certainly I will," says he. And he did.

So we all went—Thurston, Lawton, the doctor (he'd got 'round by that time), and me, still wearin' the colors. Jim was awake, an' was a-wonderin' what 'd become o' me, when in I walks and holds the fifteen hundred dolla's right 'fore his eyes. Then he had to be tol', o' course. We all took a han' at tellin' him. Jim jus' looked from one to t'other, an' never said a word.

"Don't you catch on, ol' man?" says Lawton. "Don't you take it in? Lemme try an' bile it down for you. Sue's rode the race, and won it, too, like a lady, an' here's the money, which you don't pay a cent of to nobody. I've got the rights o' your story now, an' 's soon 's you're well I'm goin' to take you back home with me, an' I'm goin' to try an' get even for havin' treated you so mean. Do you understand now?"

An' Jim he never said a word. He jus' smiled, an' put up his two han's like a baby, an' ol' Joe Lawton bent over an' kissed him.

MR. CLEVELAND AS ARBITRATOR.

A **South American** republic usually only needs half of an excuse to go to war with a neighbor or to have an internal revolution. He is a careful student of South American affairs who can recall the wars and revolutions during the past twenty years that have wasted the substance of the people who in this hemisphere dwell south of the equator. A government down there seems always to have a chip on its shoulder, and to be spoiling for a row. When, therefore, two of these countries emulate the example of the United States and conclude to arbitrate their differences instead of fighting the matter out in the field, the event is entirely worthy of note. The Argentine Republic and the United States of Brazil have long been at odds over their boundary, the difference involving the ownership of the territory of Missiones, which lies between the Paraná and Uruguay rivers. The President of the United States was chosen as the arbitrator, and he will shortly have the case laid before him and hear it argued at Washington.

Though arbitration between South American governments is unusual, it is not at all unprecedented, as there was a very important arbitration as to South American territory three hundred and fifty years ago. Then the contending parties were Spain and Portugal, and that eminently wicked pope, Alexander VI. (Rodriguez Lenzuolo Borgia), was the arbitrator. He had a map made by the famous cosmographer Diego Ribero, and settled the matter by drawing a longitudinal line across the newly discovered Western world. He decided that to the left of this line Spain must confine her researches, and that to the right Portugal was to carry forward her schemes of exploration and colonization. This map has ever since remained in the library of the Vatican, but early this year it was sent to this country, and is now at the World's Fair in Chicago.

The representative of the Argentine Republic in this arbitration, Señor Estanislas S. Zeballos, the newly appointed Minister from the Argentine Republic to the United States, will arrive in New York about the time that this paper goes to press. We give his portrait in this number. Señor Zeballos is one of the most eminent men in Argentina. He is a journalist by profession, and has written several valuable books. He has also been prominent in the politics of his country, holding the high positions of Speaker of the House of Representatives, Postmaster-General, and twice Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has also been a member of the faculty of the University of Buenos Ayres, lecturing on international law and social sciences. Señor Zeballos, who is only forty years old, has also been an explorer, and served with the government expeditions to the Pampas. As a result of these explorations he wrote the books *Conquest of Fifteen Thousand Miles* and *Voyage to the Land of the Araucanians.*

THE LOSS OF A GALLANT LIFE.

Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, of the Tenth Cavalry, was drowned ten days ago in the Little Big Horn River, near the fateful spot where Custer and his command were massacred in 1876. Lieutenant Clarke, one of the most gallant and distinguished of the young officers of the army, was introduced to the readers of this paper three years ago by Mr. Frederic Remington, who was on terms of intimate friendship with the young cavalryman. Lieutenant Clarke was also known to the readers of the **Weekly** by reason of the several valuable articles that he contributed to it on the German army. He was noted in the cavalry as a hard rider, a hard fighter, and a most zealous officer. In the campaign of 1886 against the Apaches he distinguished himself by his gallantry, and was rewarded with the medal of honor. Mr. Remington, in the article alluded to, thus speaks of the gallant action which won the medal for Lieutenant Clarke: "He once pulled a wounded corporal under cover from Apache bullets at some little personal risk, since they fired some fifty shots at him, and replied to some admiring friends concerning it, 'Well, what else could I do?' Of course it is readily seen that he could do nothing else, although most other men would be fertile enough in expedients to devise a way for not doing the thing at all." This was characteristic of the young soldier, who never missed an opportunity to risk his own life and safety in the interest of any one in danger.

Lieutenant Clarke was born in Virginia, but was Louisiana French in his blood. He was graduated from West Point in 1884, well towards the head of his class. He entered the Second Cavalry as Second Lieutenant, and was immediately assigned to duty on the frontier. He remained there till 1886, during which year he won the medal for gallantry. He was then assigned as military attaché to the Legation in Berlin, where he entered a crack Prussian regiment and took a year's service. His soldierly qualities won for him the regard of the German officers with whom he served. His papers about the German army are considered by military men to be very valuable. Mr. Clarke was promoted to be First Lieutenant in 1891, and assigned to the Ninth Cavalry. As soon, however, as he could arrange it, he was transferred back to his old regiment. He was married about a year ago, and his young wife survives him.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL TRAINING-STATION.

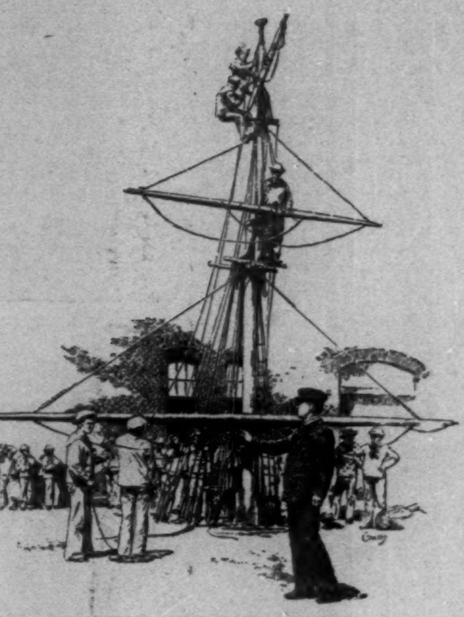
Lying off the old town of Newport, and connected to it by a causeway, is the island of Coaster's Harbor, ceded by the Rhode Island Legislature to the United States government for use as a naval training-station for apprentices. Admirably adapted for the purpose by its extent of ninety-two acres, made healthy by the salt breeze of the sea, sufficiently isolated to be practically a place apart, it well fulfils the needs of such an institution.

The desirability of recruiting the naval service from the youths of the country was long since recognized, and following the first inception of the idea came the practical development of methods tending to produce the best results. The system now in vogue is the outcome of the experience of various commandants, who, profiting by the successes or failures of their predecessors, and adding the benefit of their individual wisdom and thoughtful interest, have gradually united the somewhat loose threads of a quite as loose management, and brought forth system and order and unquestionable success.

The law allows at present 1500 apprentices to the service. They are represented in many ships, and are in various capacities. The crack young gunners and the smart boatswains of to-day are the product of this system of training begun at the station and continued throughout the service vessels.

Since the birth of what is known as the new navy and the reputation this most promising child has acquired at home and abroad, the sailor ambition has sprung up afresh in the breast of Young America. On the receiving-ships at Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington applicants present themselves for enlistment. The requisites are few: a lad must be between the ages of fourteen and seventeen inclusive, and must have the written consent of his parents or guardians; he must be able to read and write. Then, if he passes the necessary physical examination, he is enrolled among those whose services are to be given the government until they are of age.

Government begins by presenting the lads with an outfit of clothing to the value of $45. They are taken in hand by the authorities on the receiving-ship, instructed in a general way as to what their duties will be on board ship, then in drafts of twenty or more are sent to the training-station at Newport, where their work really begins. Here the *system* shows at once. Discipline, mild but firm, prevails at all hours. Placed at first in the "new-comers' squad," the boys are taught to keep themselves and their clothing in order, and are made to do it. Well-trained school-masters and masters-at-arms have a constant surveillance over them. A young commissioned officer is in command of the division, who directs and supervises it in all respects. Handling these boys thus, so many of whom have never before felt what control meant, requires an infinite amount of tact, patience, and forbearance. The number at the station sometimes is as great as four hundred, in all stages of advancement. These are four hundred individual characters who require almost four hundred methods of treatment. Indiscriminate encouragement, scolding, and punishment will not answer. A boy's nature is a complicated one. To foster his best and discourage his other traits is not an easy task. Constant, unremitting attention is demanded and given. The interest in the work comes from the daily progress, and the gratification in sending forth a fine manly set of lads who three or four months before would have been called unpromising by the inexperienced.



SPAR DRILL ON THE DUMMY MAST.

From the new-comers' squad the boys qualify for regular divisional training. They are carefully and individually taught to knot and splice, make hitches and bends, and taught also the use of the compass, helm, log-line, and lead-line. They are taken by divisions to the *Richmond*, and for a month remain on board, exercising with sails and great guns. On shore they are taught signalling and the use of weapons—the sword, the rifle, the revolving and the rapid-fire guns. They are never idle. With the exception of Saturday afternoons and Sundays, the instruction goes on constantly, with proper intervals for recreation. Monotony is avoided. The method can best be shown by a daily routine for shore and another for ship. The routine every day is different.*

Their recreation, not considering the fifteen minutes between periods, comes after 4.45 in the afternoons. Large lawns, with no warnings to keep off the grass, give ample facility for baseball, football, or whatever games these lads prefer, and especial pains are taken to provide them with the necessary outfit for amusement. The excellent station band plays for them an hour every day at this time, and a merrier, more light-hearted lot of boys cannot be found. They grow rapidly in physical stature, and become as tough and sinewy as young athletes. In bad weather they are entertained evenings in the gymnasium by interesting lectures, written by the chaplain, on all subjects which can appeal to their intelligence and add to their instruction. Physical geography, naval history, and the stirring events of the civil war are capitally illustrated by stereopticon views. The amount of information absorbed in this way is no small factor in their general instruction. There are bulletins posted every day, where, in large frames, are pasted clippings culled from all the leading dailies which bear on naval topics.

In a reading-room is a large library, with desks for their exclusive use. A thousand or more selected books offer them a reasonably large field from which to choose. **Harper's Weekly** and the other healthy illustrated papers, together with the leading magazines, are regularly placed there for their benefit. They are encouraged to read; they are made to work, and to play they need but little help.

As for their food, it is of the best—simple, wholesome, and nutritious. A bill of fare is prepared differing each day and with the season, which is considered far better even than the remarkably good rations now furnished ships of war.

From the stranger who visits the training-station come generally many expressions of genuine wonder and surprise that such an institution exists in so large a way. They had heard of it, but thought of it more as a place where boys were herded until they were sent to sea.

The truth is that from here the bone and sinew upon which must depend our success in fighting are being furnished; and an engagement between two modern war-vessels means much. Given armor and guns, they avail but little without the necessary skill to manage them. Granting that the officers of the ship are among the most clever, they must depend in a great measure upon those under them. If these latter be untrained, ignorant, or careless, dire results but too often follow. The best men are those best trained, and the best training can only be acquired by experience and by time. The lads starting from the training-station at Newport with well-defined ideas of what discipline means, and why it is exacted, with a thorough foundation of the elements upon which to build, go to the cruising training-ships for further instruction, return, and are drafted into the general service. In the mean time individual worth and ability have found their level, and the green lad has risen to be a warrant officer, another is a petty officer, others less gifted naturally are in a lower rank, but all, when called upon, are ready and able and willing to maintain the dignity and prestige of their country.

E. W. **Sturdy.**

*INSTRUCTION AND DRILL ON SHORE.

		1st Period. 9.15 to 10	2d Period. 10.15 to 11.	3d Period. 11.15 to 12.	4th Period. 1.15 to 2.	5th Period. 2.15 to 3.	6th Period. 3.15 to 4.	7th Period. 4.15 to 4.45.
Monday.	1	Gymnastics.	Infantry and Pistols.	School.	Sewing and Mending.	Sewing and Mending.	Sewing and Mending.	Artillery and Swords.
	2	Artillery and Swords.	School.	Gymnastics.	Gunnery and Aiming Drill.	Boats.	Seamanship and Signals.	Infantry and Pistols.
	3	School.	Seamanship and Signals.	Gunnery and Aiming Drill.	Boats.	Artillery and Swords.	Infantry and Pistols.	Gymnastics.
	4	Seamanship and Signals.	Gunnery and Aiming Drill.	Infantry and Pistols.	School.	Gymnastics.	Artillery and Swords.	Signals.

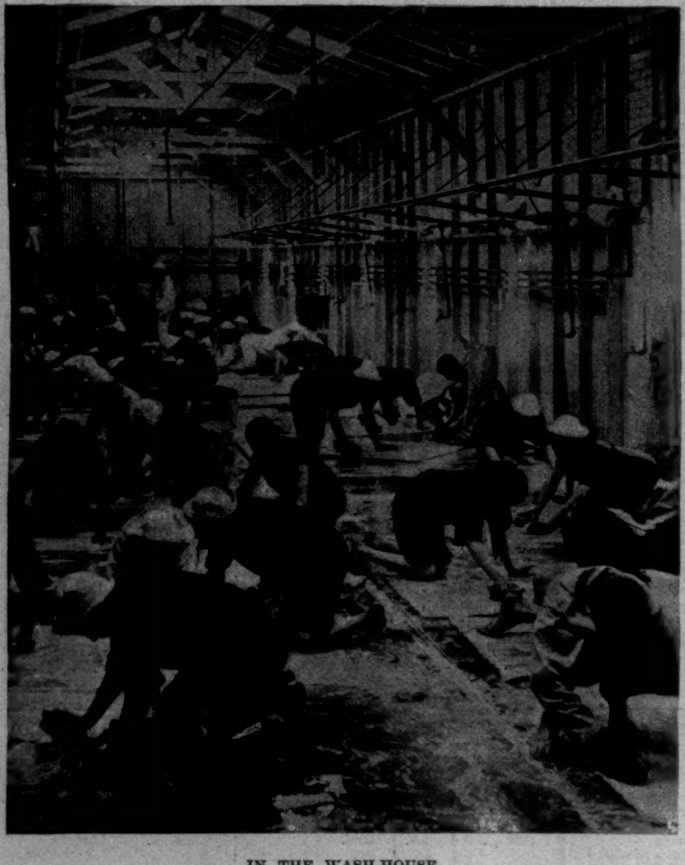
INSTRUCTION AND DRILL ON "RICHMOND."

		1st Period. 9.30 to 10.30.	2d Period. 10.45 to 11.45.	3d Period. 1.15 to 2.15.	4th Period. 2.30 to 3.30.	5th Period. 3 45 to 4.45.
Tuesday.	Sec. 1 and 2. Sec. 3 and 4. Sec. 5 and 6.	Seamanship and Signals. Boats. Sail and Spar Drill.	Boats. Sail and Spar Drill. Seamanship and Signals.	Sail and Spar Drill. Seamanship and Signals. Boats.	Great Guns. " "	Gymnastics. Aiming Drill. Gunnery.

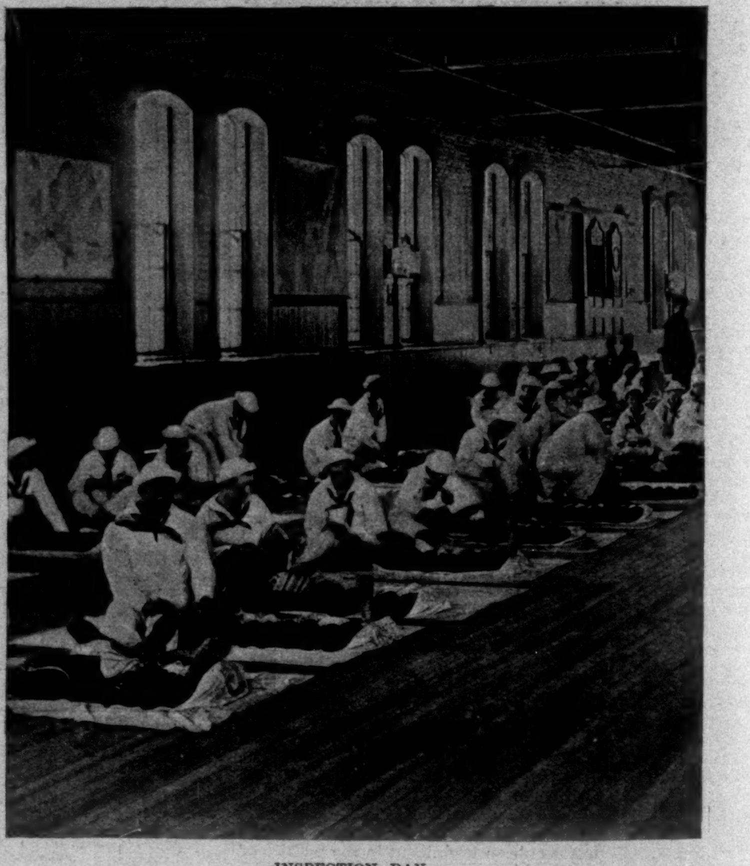
SQUAD AT GYMNASTIC DRILL.

GUNNERY AND AIMING DRILL.

SWORD PRACTICE OF THE ARTILLERY SQUAD.

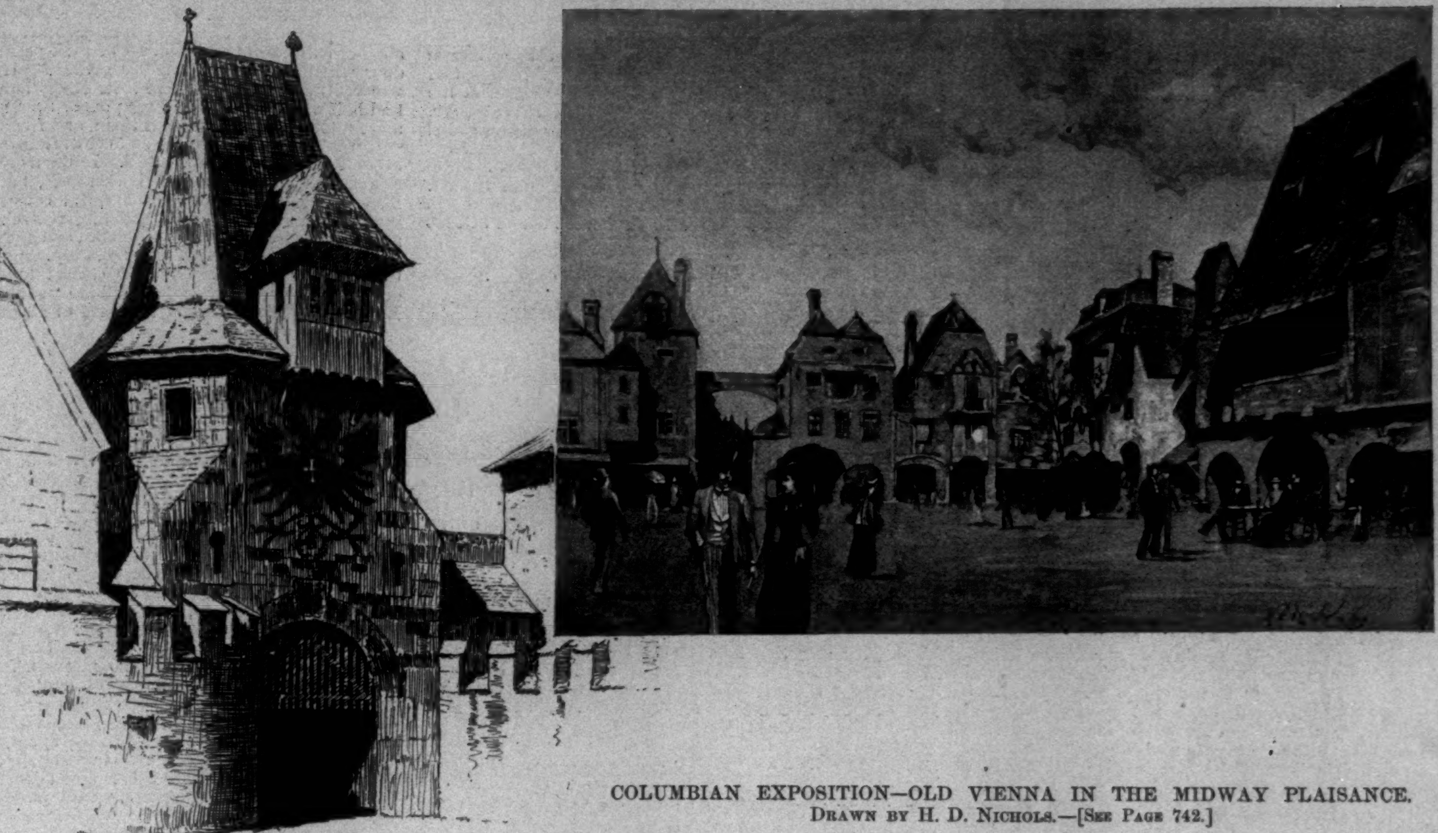


IN THE WASH-HOUSE.
Boys scrubbing their Clothing.



INSPECTION DAY.
Boys with their Clothes neatly rolled waiting for the Officer.

AT THE NEWPORT NAVAL TRAINING-SCHOOL.—From Photographs.—[See Page 739.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—OLD VIENNA IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.
Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 742.]

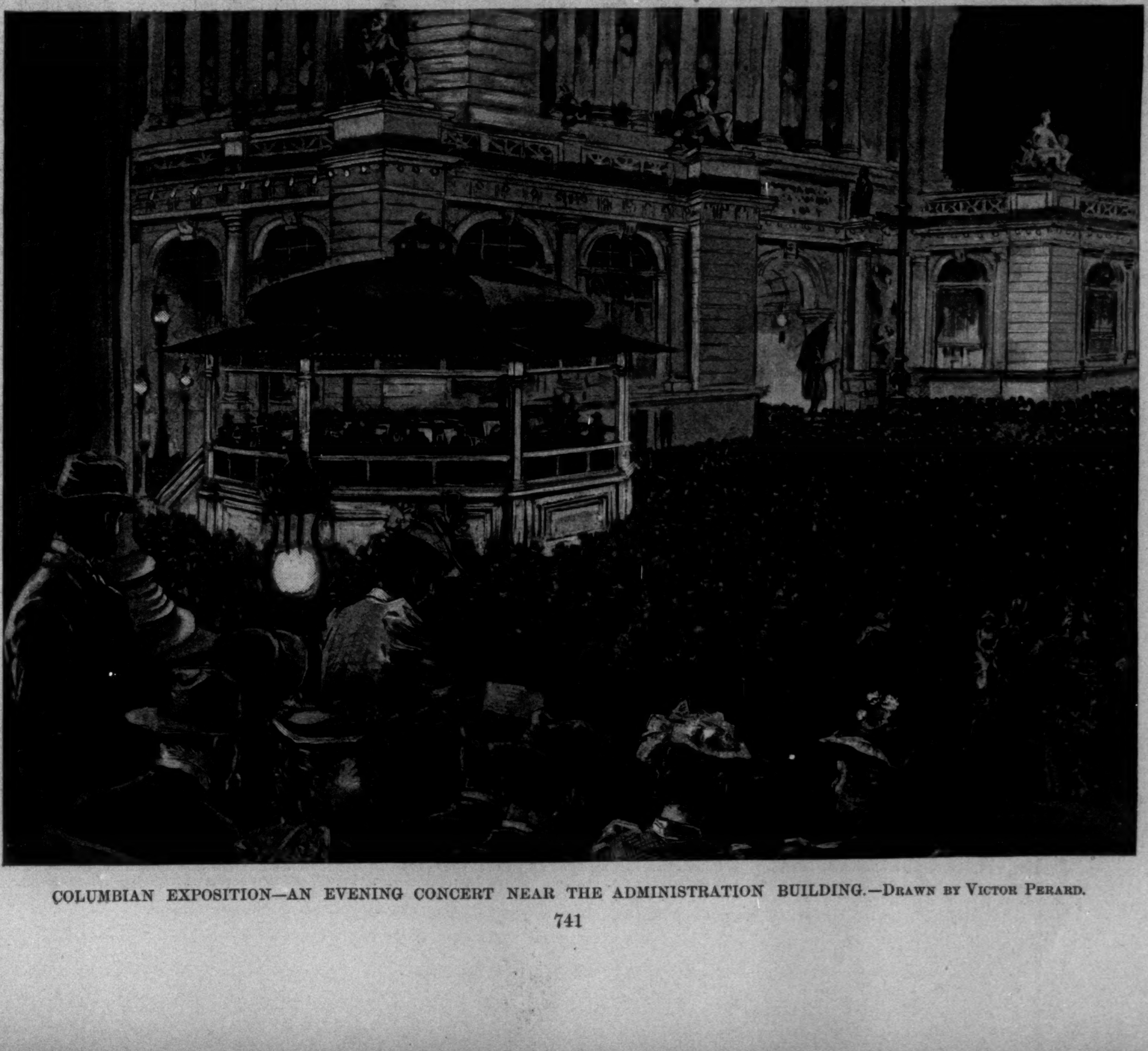
MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

It is well for the pilgrim to the World's Fair if he have music in his soul and be moved with concord of sweet sounds. Not that even so the fair is a bed of roses, for there is most awful cacophony to be heard upon the Midway Plaisance. There are two or three authentic and awful bagpipers caterwauling attention to one of the side-shows, to wit, the "World's Congress of Beauty." Then there are a Turkish orchestra and an Egyptian orchestra and an Algerian orchestra, all of the same model, and comprising a giant mandolin and a violin played like a 'cello, and drums beaten by hand. Yea, there is a Chinese orchestra; nay, there are two Chinese orchestras—one in the theatre, and one outside calling attention to the performance—and each more terrible than the other. These are in Ercles' vein. The Javanese orchestra is more condoling, consisting of mild flutes and an assortment of, as it were, zithers, and a large, so to speak, violin; but they are all soft and inoffensive instruments. All the same, the lover of what the civilized modern man means by music will get little good out of the barbarous bands.

What he will delight in is the civilized music. There are two bands in the German village, the same bands that were heard in New York, and these are presumably of the average, though certainly they are not the pick of German military bands. They discourse music which is a very good accompaniment to the refection one finds in the German village, and which is sometimes worth a more attentive listening. In "Old Vienna" there is a good orchestra—a very good orchestra from the beer-garden point of view, which is also that of Old Vienna. There is an Italian band in one of the restaurants which contains a rather remarkable boy fiddler; and the Hungarian orchestra, erstwhile at the Eden Musée, may be heard at another restaurant. In fact, the music of the Midway is like the regimental bands of England as set forth by Mr. Rudyard Kipling:

> "You can't get away from the tune that they play,"

and after a time this becomes a bore, no matter how good the tune may be. But this music is an "incidental divertissement" to the catchpenny shows of the concessionnaires. It is not official, so to speak, nor at all in the nature of an exhibit. The authorities of



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AN EVENING CONCERT NEAR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—Drawn by Victor Perard.

the fair dealt very wisely with the official music by making an ample appropriation for it, and putting this appropriation virtually into the hands of Mr. Theodore Thomas to expend. The appropriation was probably liberal beyond precedent, for it was of no less a sum than $500,000. This has sufficed and will suffice for the production on a scale that is very seldom possible of the great works of music, especially of choral music, that are not often to be heard as their composers meant them to be heard, for lack of resources. Not only have the most famous and familiar oratorios and cantatas been thus given, but Bach and Berlioz and Brahms have been heard as well as Handel and Mendelssohn, and have been heard to wonderfully good advantage, sometimes from the Apollo Club of Chicago, a body of singers that has reached a high degree of proficiency under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, the choral conductor, and sometimes from visiting bodies. Among these latter has been the Liederkranz, of New York, the concert of which, under Mr. Thomas's baton, was not only of high musical interest, but was in the nature of a "reunion," and gave occasion for a deal of honest German enthusiasm, Mr. Thomas having once been the conductor of the society. A very noteworthy musical event, having something of the same added interest with that of the Liederkranz, was the production of Brahms's "German Requiem" by the Cincinnati chorus, of which Mr. Thomas was also at one time the director, if not the founder. The performance was most impressive, and justified to hearers to whom it had not been so fully justified before the claims that are made by so many competent judges to a place in the very first rank of choral and orchestral composers for the author of this noble work.

The "Exposition Orchestra" is composed of 114 players very carefully chosen from Europe as well as from America. It has been playing together now for months almost daily and under the same direction, with the result that might be expected. It is probably the finest body of instrumentalists that is to be heard anywhere in the world. It has been heard not only in accompaniment to the choral works just mentioned, but also in frequent orchestral concerts, many of them free. When the lover of music bears in mind that the programmes for these concerts are made by Mr. Thomas and executed under his direction, he will perceive that it is very well worth his while to go to Chicago, were it in that capacity alone.

In addition to this ample provision for what we may call the higher music, there is an ample provision of mere World's Fair music, which aims no higher than to be the fitting accompaniment of a festal occasion, without descending to the street slang of the comic operas and the hand-organs. Besides the two fine halls for careful listeners to serious music, there are three band-stands, two flanking the Administration Building and one upon the lake front of the great building of Manufactures, and these are occupied all the afternoon by three bands of the best that America can produce in the way of military bands, of which three the best is perhaps the Cincinnati band.

By daylight they accompany very appropriately the festive and animated scene, and enhance its effectiveness. They—or at least the two of them that flank the Administration Building, in the rear of the electric fountains—are even more effective at night, when the basin and its bordering buildings are defined with lines of white and steady lights, and the Administration Building comes out as a series of terraces outlined in light, and wearing the dome as a diadem of fire; and in lurid contrast to the steadfast incandescence of the electric lights, eight huge smoky torches flare and flicker on each of its four fronts against the base of the dome. Then, while the launches are gliding and the gondolas rocking over the dark surface of the basin, suddenly a band blares out in some plantation melody or favorite overture, and brings to the marvellous spectacle the enjoyment of another sense than that of sight. Without the music, the marvellous spectacle would still be incomplete. The strains that flood the air and float out over the water complete it, and mingle with it inextricably in the minds and the memories of those who are privileged to behold a sight such as has never been seen elsewhere or before, and such as they can never forget.

AN INDIAN PRINCE.

A real Oriental potentate will be a great addition to the attractions of the fair. Though the Maharajah or Rajai Rajagan (King of Kings) has a fine mouth-filling title of his own, he is by no means the most important or the most typical of Indian Princes, like that "Prince of India" of whom General Lew Wallace is presently to tell an eager public. He is by no means so tremendous a dignitary as the perfidious Rajah of Johore, who announced some time ago that he was coming, and who even, we believe, despatched an emissary to smooth his pathway to Chicago. All the same the Rajah of Kapurthala is somebody when he is at home. The fact that his annual revenue is about $750,000 will of itself insure him the respect and wonder of Chicago, and put him upon the enviable eminence where lard kings dwell.

He has had losses, however, this rich and dignified and apparently amiable young man, who has come under the escort of a British officer, and bringing one of his wives with him to remark the wonders of the West. The present area of his possessions in the Punjab is but 800 square miles, and the population under his sway—sway much mitigated by "British influence"—is about 250,000. So that he would not as a territorial magnate be of much more account than one of the hereditary Serene Highnesses of the German principalities in the old days. But there were few indeed of them who had clear incomes of three-quarters of a million a year. On comparing his principality and his revenue, it will be evident that the Kapurthalans are worked for all they are worth. Once upon a time his forebears held much larger possessions, but these were lost by their bad judgment in taking the wrong side in the first Sikh war, but some of them, including the present Kapurthala, were restored by reason of the good service done by the Rajah during the mutiny of 1857, before our present visitor was born, for he is now but twenty-one. Also the Rajah of the mutiny received another grant of lands in Oudh, about as big and populous as what was left of his ancestral kingdom, from which he derives a large part of his income, though in this his position is not that of a ruler, but only of a landlord.

The Rajah arrived in New York on the 21st of July, purposing, under the guidance of his British mentor, to see something of the Atlantic States before adventuring to Chicago and Frisco. His experiences, however, have decided him to return again from Chicago after he has done the fair, and having investigated such of American institutions as he has leisure for, to take ship back to Southampton, and do a little more of Europe, especially Germany, which he has thus far neglected, before returning to his principality. Among the institutions with which he has already familiarized himself are Coney Island, the pool system on transatlantic steamers, the Stock Exchange, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Central Park. He has also called on or rather at the Mayor of New York, and was received by the acting Mayor. Of course the balls and other functions with which the civil authorities would delight to honor him in the winter are not feasible in the middle of July. Newport was next to New York in the princely programme, and after that Boston, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and Chicago. He expects to return East August 10th, and spend four days more before he sails for Europe.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

AN APPEAL TO THE EMPEROR.

[It is rumored that the following appeal has been forwarded to the German Emperor by certain Commissioners in Chicago.]

O Wilhelm, canst thou say us nay when we ask you to come
And see our wondrous Fair, good sir, a sight to strike you dumb?
Hast not observed that Spain has sent her sweetest and her best,
Who put herself into our hands and let us do the rest?

Hast thou observed that Rampur's Lord—the great and famed Nawab—
Has come among us with his suite, and shared our soft-shelled crab;
Has sailed across the ocean vast to see our monster show?
If he hath come, O Kaiser, is't for thee to answer no?

Hast taken note that he who rules in far-away Johore
Has left his wives and riches there upon his native shore,
To travel o'er the stormy deep to this home of the free,
Despising all discomforts so that with us he might be?

We have with us the Hike of Tick, the Boo of Ballyback;
In mighty state hath likewise come the Pip of Tamarack.
The Lig of Mangalopse is here, the Bing of Rallypoo;
The Tarara of Boomdeay, we hear, is coming too.

Can Kaisers falter when the great of other lands come here?
Is't for a Hohenzollern now to greet us with a sneer?
Come over, gentle William; come and see our wondrous States.
Let not a Kaiser be outdone by lesser potentates!

John Kendrick Bangs.

"OLD VIENNA" AT THE FAIR.

Among all the pleasant places of the Midway Plaisance there is none pleasanter than the reproduction of "Old Vienna." Nor is there any place in the world in which such a reproduction would be more effective. Old Vienna in New Chicago! A town of two hundred years ago hard by a town that, as the stranger sees it, is nowhere more than twenty one or two years of age. It is true that Chicago dissembles her newness under the soft-coal smoke, but it is evident all the same; and the cry for antiquity in Chicago is as genuine as that of the American tourist in Europe. Moreover, the reproduction is uncommonly well done, and does credit to the concessionnaire, whoever he may be. Of course it is a mere stage setting, like the great exhibition buildings themselves for that matter, but it is a very admirable piece of scenery. If it has a rival among the side-shows, that rival is the German village; but Old Vienna is a more complicated and elaborate reproduction than the German village. Moreover, it is a reproduction of an original that cannot be seen now, even in Vienna itself, having been destroyed by the march of improvement. It is reproduced from old prints and other authentic documents so as to give a very vivid notion of a square in Vienna two hundred years ago. The old house fronts blink down at you with a delightful and completely illusive air of antiquity. Whether the houses consist of anything more than fronts above the ground-floor is hidden from the ken of the visitor; but there is no doubt about the ground-floor. For here are shops in which all manner of Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Bosnian, Herzegovinian wines may be had. Here are restaurants, of which the tables overflow into the central space, and where one may dine, upon the whole, more satisfactorily than at any other place in the fair grounds. Moreover, there is a good orchestra always playing in the evening, and playing well, the true Viennese strains of Strauss. To enjoy these creature and æsthetic comforts, and to watch the circulating crowd, with the background of the picturesque peaked and turreted houses between you and the sky—this is one of the chief delights of a fair of which the delights are many.

SOME SUMMER GARDENS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

Those who leave New York as soon as the first hot weather comes, and stay away in the country, in the mountains, or by the sea until the cool autumn nights begin to color the foliage with tints of red, do not thoroughly understand what some other people mean when they say that New York is the most comfortable and most pleasant summer resort and sea-side pleasuring-place to be found anywhere in America. And even those who usually venture to uphold such a pretension on the part of New York are not generally acquainted with anything like the full capacities of the metropolis to furnish amusement for the people during the heated season. When they speak of the comforts and pleasures of New York as a resort they generally allude to the fact that the city houses and city hotels are more comfortable than those in Saratoga, Long Branch, Cape May, and Richfield Springs; that the city restaurants are better than those elsewhere; that many theatres are still open; that the clubs are not all deserted, and, most of all, to the fact that more pleasant short excursions by water and by rail are available to the residents and sojourners in New York than to those in any other city in the world. But there are very many pleasure-places open to that vast multitude of toilers who take little or no account of good hotels and well-appointed restaurants, and to whom an excursion either by boat or rail is so very rare an occurrence as not to be thought of except as a something almost beyond reach. But even these have their summer resorts—resorts easily and cheaply accessible from all parts of the town.

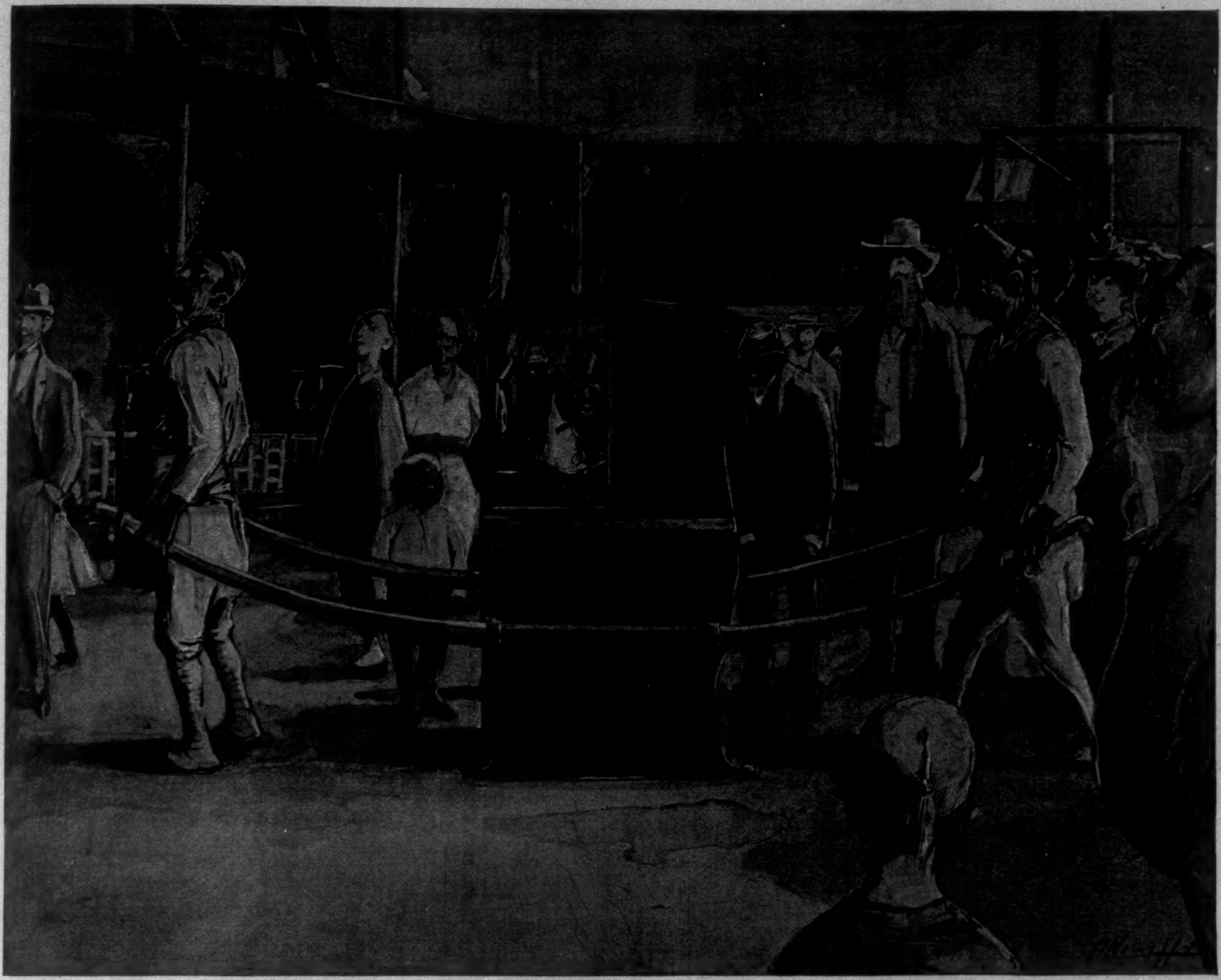
If an adventurer, bent on explorations and discoveries, will wander either to the east or west of the great central thoroughfares that run north and south he will find upon almost every corner a liquor and beer saloon, and if he will then go past the side door or "family entrance" he will find another entrance to a little court or back yard, and over the door will be the sign "summer garden." If the explorer will venture into one of these little places he will doubtless find half a dozen plants in large pots or tubs, and a dozen or more tables with chairs about them, and frequently there is a canvas awning to keep the sun off during the day and the rain off when the weather is bad. In the more ambitious of these gardens there is sometimes music, but this is rare. Here beer is served, and less harmful beverages too, and sandwiches, and the thirst-provoking pretzel. These little gardens are frequented by Germans, and they are also the neighborhood club-rooms in June, July, August, and September, after which the clubs move back into the main rooms of the saloons that are in front of the "summer gardens." But such places are merely adjuncts of places of resort always in commission, and while they are no doubt pleasanter to lounge in than the stuffy rooms of which they are substitutes, they are not pleasuring-places in a large sense. But there are many large places only known in name to the class referred to as preferring New York for summer residence.

These large places are on both the east and west sides of the town, and situated near to the northern termini of the elevated railroads, and also on the fronts of the rivers—the Harlem, the Hudson, and the East. A description of one of these gardens would in a great measure serve for them all. This is not so because one pattern, one plan has been used in them all, but merely because the general characteristics are the same, and because all of them are used for purposes very similar. We read in the daily newspapers that there has been a great disturbance and a free fight at one or another of these gardens, and conclude that therefore they must be solely the resort of dissipated and dissolute men and women who take their pleasures boisterously and intemperately. But this is by no means a fair conclusion. The Academy of Music in its day of greatest glory was used for many different kinds of entertainment. The stage was occupied now by artists of the grand opera, and now by actors playing Shakespearian dramas; again, the knights of the burnt cork would crack their stale jokes, twang their unmusical banjoes, and beat their bones of wood; and again the gladiators of the prize-ring would pummel each other out of breath, to the delight of mobs of men with brutal instincts. At other seasons the very flower of society would waltz over the main floor with the dignified reserve that strict convention requires, while the very next night on the same floor there would be one of those balls at which all of bohemia would be present, and amateur high-kickers and ladies in short skirts would perform feats of agility that seem out of place except in a circus ring. But the old Academy of Music did not suffer in reputation on account of the many changes of occupants, and the difference in the manners of those who at various times gave entertainment and were entertained. The Academy was a place of public entertainment, and was hired by any person of moderate respectability who could also pay the rent. And so it is with these summer gardens which bear rather a bad name—a name made worse, perhaps, because we only hear of them when there has been a disturbance, and because at such times we learn that the collisions have been the result of a too free indulgence in beer instead of in the more costly champagne, which at the Academy and such other better-known places was usually productive of like results.

Some of these gardens occupy an area greater than an entire city block, and there are always trees and shrubbery, under and around which tables and benches are disposed so that both food and drink can be served in the open air. There are sheds in other places also furnished with benches and tables to be used when the weather is bad, and also when there is any very great gathering. Disposed along the walks that run like aisles between the benches are the kinds of cheap amusements always to be found at country fairs. There are lifting-machines, lung-testers, phonographs, fishing-pools, cane rings, and so on. The merry-go-round is of course a feature of every garden; and of course, also, each of them is abundantly provided with swings—swings that hold two and four persons, but none of the unsocial sort, in which one person only can soar at a time. These are all provided for the purpose of coaxing thrifty nickles from children and those young men and young women who have not put off childish things. The swings, I was informed, earned their keep, but by indirection. No charge is made for their use, but an experienced and observing garden-proprietor said that they served him an excellent purpose, as the motion of soaring aloft inspired the young men and women with generous thoughts; it made them expansive and careless of cost. And so a young fellow who only meant to give his sweetheart ice-cream and lemonade would be sure to begin his supper with beer and clam chowder, and have the lemonade and ice-cream as well.

But the main place of attraction in all of these gardens is the dancing-pavilion, where there is nearly always a large floor, and always a good smooth one. In this regard the men and women who dance at the New York summer gardens are not worse off than the most fashionable folk who take more mild pleasures at Newport and Bar Harbor. A nimble dancer can waltz or polka or execute the embarrassing *cavalier seul* undeterred by any consideration for the floor. If his feet and legs and skill are all right he can depend on the floor. The music, too, is well enough, for it is in time, good dancing time, and what more can be asked for by one who really cares for dancing? And that is nearly what nine out of ten of the young people who go to these gardens are present for. The beer, the lemonade, the clam chowder, the ice-cream—these are mere incidentals. The dancing is the first and last cause that has moved them to encroach upon their too short hours of leisure. It will surprise many who have never been adventuresome enough to visit any of such places to know that these young people dance surprisingly well.

The dancing may be said to be in three styles—German, modified German, and pure New York. Of the German I need say little, for every one who knows or cares aught for dancing knows all about the Teutonic style, with its bounce and its spring and the toplike qualities which make the heads of spectators to swim with dizziness. No better German dancing can be seen anywhere in the world than in the summer gardens of the American metropolis, and of all the performers on the excellent floors of these dancing-pavilions none seem to enjoy themselves so thoroughly as those who trip it with German steps in German style and with German enthusiasm. They show their satisfaction in heightened color, in brightened eyes, in smiling lips. And later they show it in their thirst for and appreciation of the beer that is served in glasses all too small. The modified German style of dancing is where the dancers take the steps



THE JOHNSON FAMILY ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

MRS. JOHNSON (*who has with difficulty crowded her ponderous self into a Sedan chair*). "Wot's de mattah dey don't go, Ez?"
MR. JOHNSON (*with great delicacy*). "De poles seem limbah, soze de machine don't miss de groun'."

with accuracy, where there is a little spring, a little bounce, but where they do not whirl ceaselessly round in one direction, as though impelled by an engine that could not be reversed. Instead of this toplike motion the dancers who practice this other step turn first one way and then the other, making the reverse movement after the man has taken one step backward. This style is certainly very graceful, and has many advantages in enabling the couple to avoid collisions and other mishaps. Of all the dancers at the summer gardens probably one-half adopt the German and the modified German. The other half dance what I trust I may be pardoned for calling pure New York. If the same step is practised elsewhere I am sure I have never seen it, and if I am merely ignorant in the matter then I fancy it flourishes elsewhere than in New York as an importation, a transplantation from the metropolitan gardens to other such in the great sister cities. There is dignity, repose of manner, quiet, and calmness in those who use the New York step. There seems to be a conscious expression of content on the faces of the men and women—an expression of content that comes rareiy from any other cause save that of a consciousness of being in perfectly good form.

I trust Mr. Penfield, who has made the pictures for this article, has caught the proper attitudes of these New York dancers, for I fear my capacity to explain it so that those who never saw it will fully understand it. The man holds his back perfectly straight, and if there be any inclination it is the reverse of that of a soldier standing at "attention," for he probably slants, if he slants at all, a little back from a perpendicular. His head he holds high in the air, and a little to the right, as he needs to do, for he wears his hat, which would come in contact with the head of his fair partner were his position otherwise. The lady leans a little forward, the angle of slant being determined by her own height and the height of her partner. It is necessary for her to get her chin snugly and safely on his left shoulder, so the angle of inclination in different couples varies. The man puts his left hand midway between the waist and shoulder-blades of the lady; her left hand passes a little beyond his shoulder and rests on his back. Their right hands are joined, and are held straight out from the shoulder, so straight that there would seem to be no joints at the elbows. And now they start off. They do not begin to spin on their toes as the Germans do; they do not glide from the balls of the feet as is the practice of the modified Germans, but they "back and fill" in a manner peculiarly their own, and with the whole of the feet on the floor all the time. The man pushes the woman back one step, and then turns her half-way round; then he goes back two steps and turns his partner half-way round again, but not in the same direction as before, so that a whole revolution has been completed, but in an opposite direction; then he pushes her back a step, then the half-revolution again, and so on and on. In this way, according to the New York step, the dancers never turn entirely around. There is a calm about this kind of dancing that must be witnessed to be understood. I tried to get at the genesis of the style, but failed, perhaps because there is no definite person in any of the social circles of America with enough authority to say by example that this and that shall be the vogue.

In the gay days of the Jubilee year in London I saw his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the New Club, then his favorite place of resort. The Prince is fat and thick of breath, and walking is probably more to his taste than waltzing, and so when he took his partner on the floor he would put his left arm about her, walk half-way round the room, then catch the step and her other hand and turn like mad till his short breath was gone. Now this style of dancing was certainly not pretty, but that the Prince should have invented it was enough, and all the swells and dandies of the great world of London waltzed that way just as though none other had ever been invented. Perhaps the man who invented the New York style of dancing had a wooden or a cork leg, and found a half-revolution more to his liking than a full one; and perhaps, too, he was imitated by men with a full complement of legs, just as was the Prince of Wales by those not handicapped by age and fat and defective breathing apparatus.

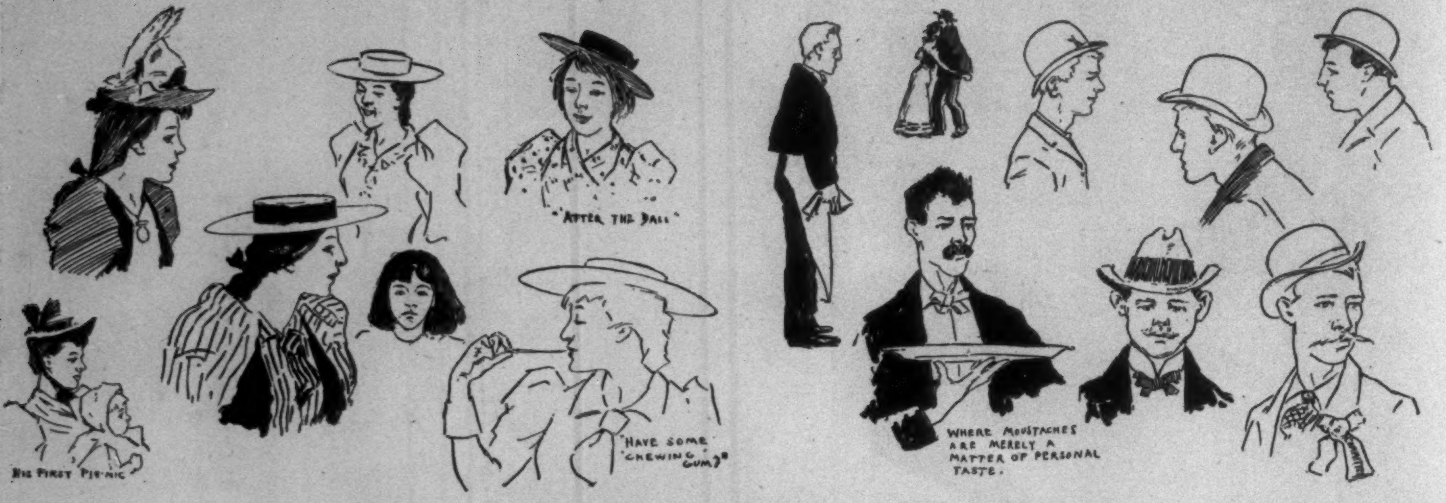
The entertainments at these gardens are usually open to all comers who will pay the admission-fee of fifty or twenty-five cents, but they are not exactly proprietary entertainments, for it is generally the case that some club or lodge or union is responsible for the rent of the garden and the payment of the musicians. The profit on liquid and solid refreshments is a matter of arrangement, but the proprietor of the garden usually takes this. These gardens are rented out to the classes of people in between those represented by a lodge of Knight Templars and a club of Gentlemen's Sons, and of course the fastness and furiousness of the fun is graded accordingly Knight Templars have one standard of propriety and Gentlemen's Sons another, the difference between the picnics—for that is what these summer-garden entertainments are called—being as great as between the Charity Ball and the French Ball. And then there are intermediate grades, such as the Letter Carriers' Union, the Upholsterers' Society, and so on down to the Merry Owls, the Jolly Bachelors, and that full flower of Bowery chivalry, the Society of Gentlemen's Sons What would be very decorous behavior among the Jolly Bachelors and the Merry Owls would be scandalous conduct at a Freemasons' or letter-carriers' gathering. Of course it would, but each is all right in its place. To live up to the standard that convention sets is good manners all the world over, and the Merry Owls and Jolly Bachelors are all right in their way. The shocked moralist, taking a narrow-minded view of what to him would seem great license of manners and freedom of conduct, probably fears that all this leads to evil. No doubt it does lead to some evil, but if we are to judge by what the daily newspapers tell us every morning, all roads lead to more or less evil, and no one can be considered safely intrenched in goodness and beyond the reach of evil until the grave has reaped its harvest and the church has sainted the soul. These places are really schools of manners, for there is always a line of conduct beyond which it is not safe to go. Not only are police officers present, but each garden has one or more able-bodied men to preserve order, and these, elegantly called "bouncers," are ubiquitous. And in some places they mildly request every one to be very much on the hither side of a misdemeanor, for in one place I noticed this conspicuous placard:

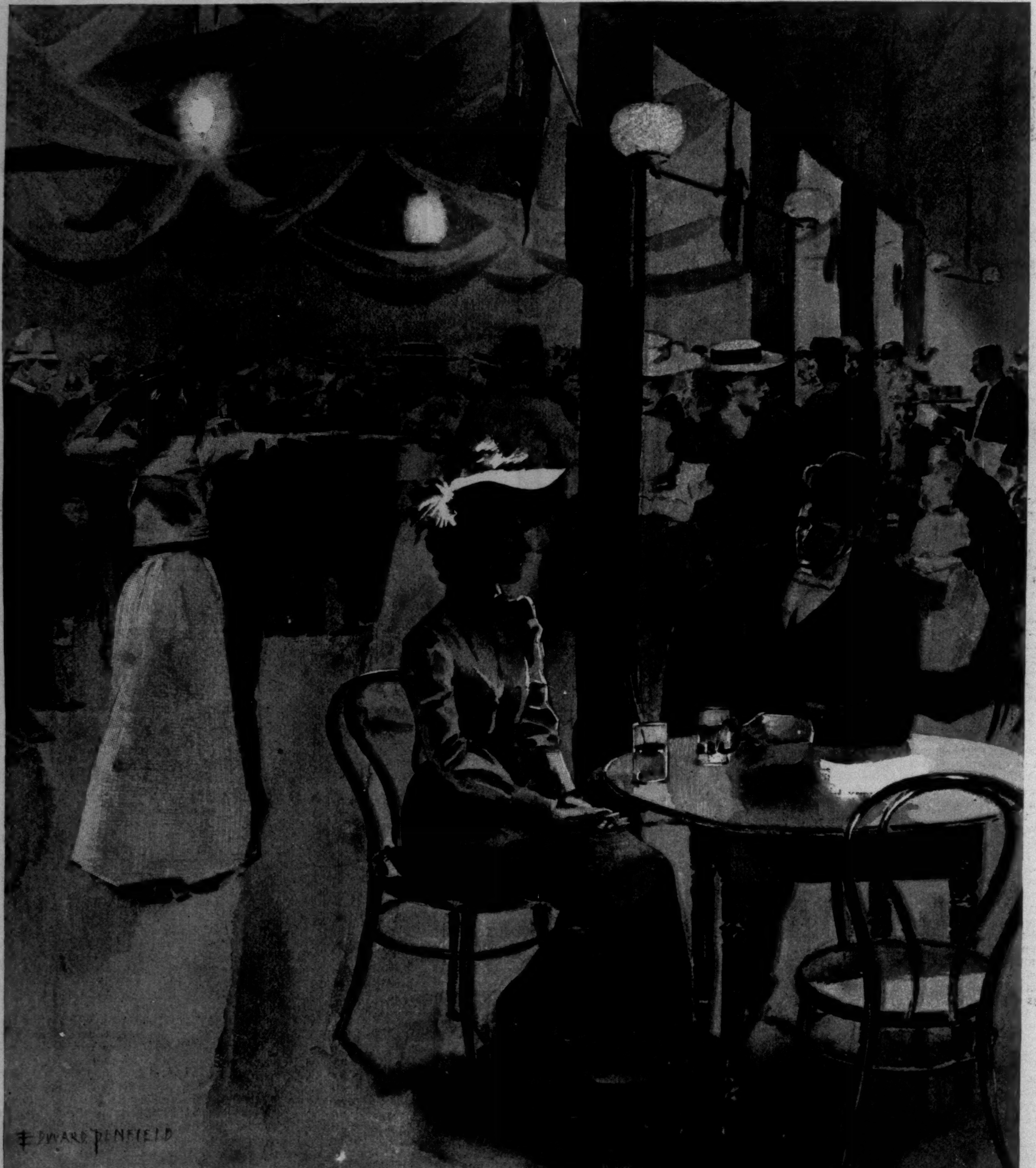
A TRUE GENTLEMAN
Will never sit or stand on a
Table or stand on the Benches
Out of Respect to the Ladies

Now that tells its own story. Every man of them, whether he be a Gentleman's Son or a Jolly Bachelor or merely a Merry Owl, feels that he is expected to be a true gentleman, if not for his own sake, at least "out of respect to the ladies." That is not such a bad code in its way, and I am quite confident that it is quite as good as any Mr. Ward McAllister ever formulated. Saturday nights these places are closed on the stroke of twelve. Other week nights they are open till well on to daylight. In the afternoons these gardens are occupied chiefly by quiet family parties, generally Germans. They enjoy themselves after their own harmless fashion, sipping their beer, smoking their pipes, and renewing the assurance of their devotion to the Fatherland.

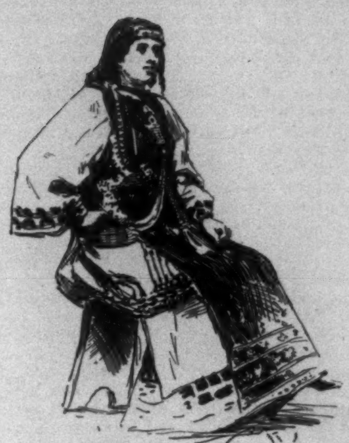
On the Jersey shore and on top of the Palisades opposite New York are two famous places for outings. One of these, Eldorado, not only has a beautiful though rather pretentious summer garden, but also an amphitheatre in which an enormous ballet is exhibited in a spectacular pantomime. Further up the river is Fort Lee, which a few years ago was famous, because there it was thought that the city tough on pleasure bent could be seen to better advantage than even at Coney Island in its primitive days. But the toughs had too good a time; they were unrestrained by the necessity to be "true gentlemen," and so they disported themselves with such fearsome merriment that the property-owners of the neighborhood organized a Law and Order League, which has succeeded in preventing the places of amusement near Fort Lee from securing licenses to sell liquor. Without liquor the places could not thrive, and now those once gay resorts are almost silent, and Ruin and Decay have writ their names large on every side.

In the fabled Gardens of Hesperides there was a dragon with a hundred heads. In these metropolitan gardens there are dragons too, but they are the same beasts of prey that lurk on every side in every land inhabited by man, and not a whit less difficult to subdue.

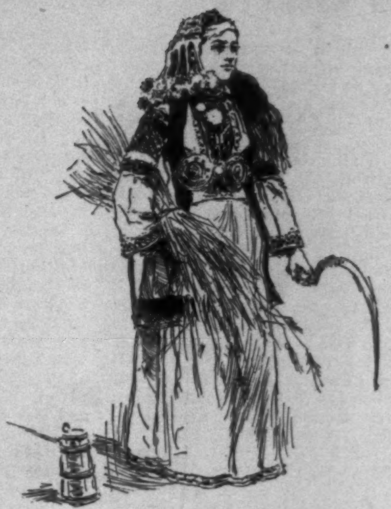

"After the Ball"
His First Pic-nic
"Have some 'Chewing' Gum?"
Where moustaches are merely a matter of personal taste.


Edward Penfield

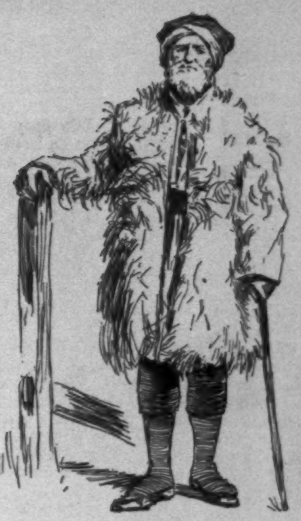
SUMMER GARDENS IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Edward Penfield.—[See Page 742.]



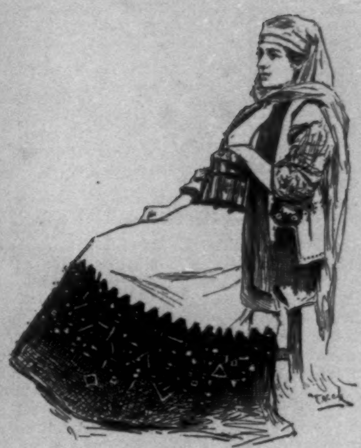
ALBANIAN PEASANT WOMAN.



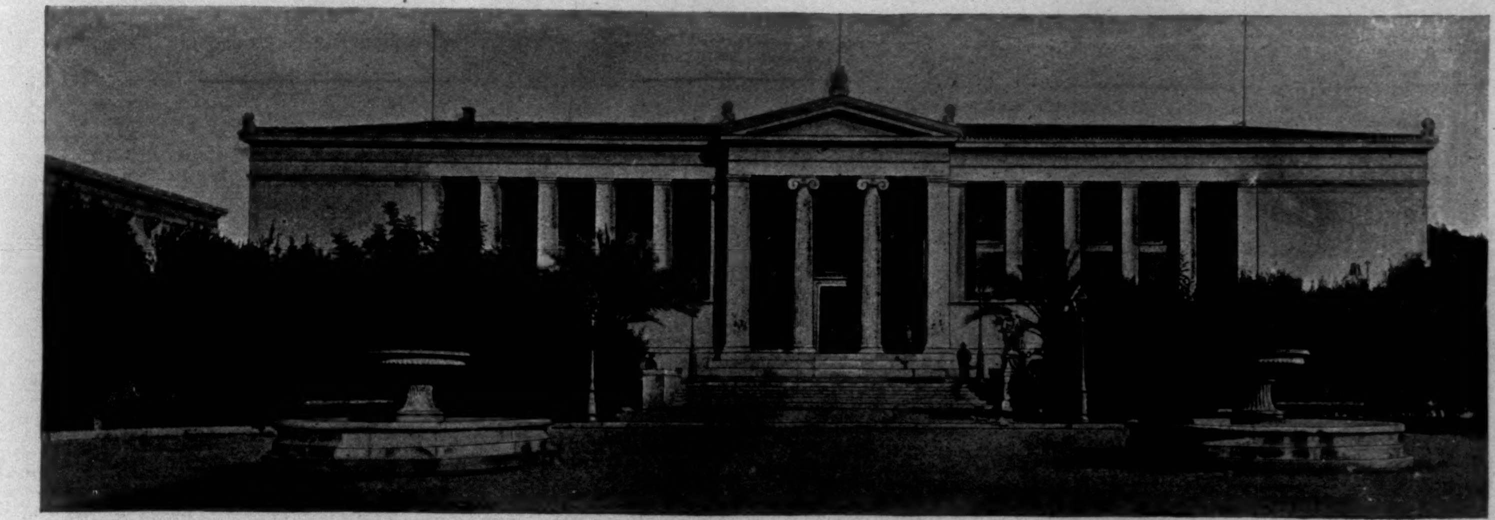
GREEK PEASANT GIRL.



GREEK PEASANT.

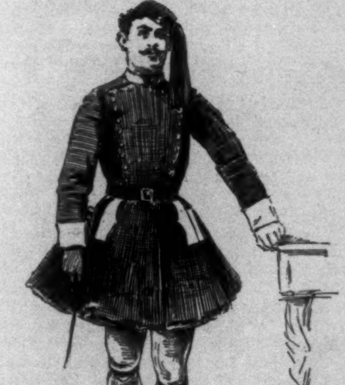


ALBANIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

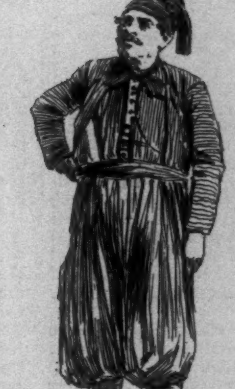


THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS.

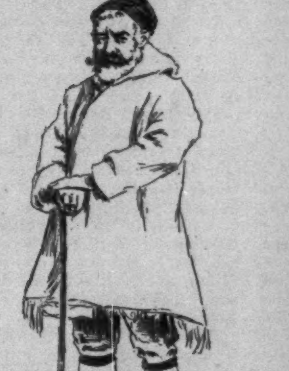
POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.



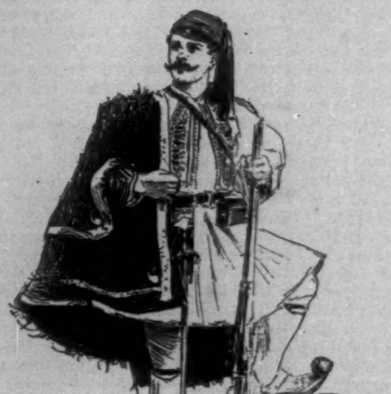
A GREEK SOLDIER IN THE NATIONAL (ALBANIAN) UNIFORM.



AN OLD ATHENIAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.



A GREEK FARMER OR SHEPHERD.



ALBANIAN PEASANT AS HE APPEARS IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS.

MODERN ATHENS.—From Photographs.—[See "Rulers of the Mediterranean," Page 746.]

THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

VI.—MODERN ATHENS.

PERHAPS the greatest charm of Athens and of the islands and mountains round about it lies in their power to lure back your belief in a great many fine people of whose remarkable deeds you had grown sceptical—of whose existence even you had begun to doubt. It is something very serious when one loses faith in so delightful a young man as Theseus, and it is worth while sailing under the lee shores of Crete, where he killed the Minotaur, if for no other purpose than to have your admiration for him restored. If we could only be as sure of restoring by travel all of those other people of whom our elders ceased telling us when we left the nursery, I would head an expedition to the north pole, not to discover open seas and altitudes and eclipses and such weighty things, but to locate that nice and kindly old gentleman, and his toy store and his reindeer, who used to come at Christmas-time, and who has stopped coming since I left school. It is certainly worth while going all the way to Greece to see the Hill of the Nymphs, and the very cave where Pan used to sleep in the hot mid-day, and to thrill over the four cross-roads and the high gloomy pass where the Sphinx lay in wait for Œdipus with her cruel claws and inscrutable smile. The story that must always strike every child as most sad and unsatisfactory is the one which tells us how the father of Theseus killed himself when his son came sailing back triumphant, and so gallantly engaged in entertaining the beautiful Athenian maidens whose lives he had saved, that he forgot to hoist the white sails, and caused his father to throw himself off the high rocks in despair.

This used to appeal to me as one of the most pathetic incidents in history, but as time wore on my sympathy for the father and indignation against Theseus wore away, and I forgot about them both. But when they point out where the black sails were first seen entering the bay, and you stand on the rock from which the people watched for Theseus, and from which his father threw himself down, you feel just as sorry, and you rebel just as strongly against that morbid anticlimax, as you did when you first read the story in knickerbockers. It seems almost too sad to be true.

They had such a delightful way of mixing up the histories of gods and mortals in those days that the imaginative person who visits Athens will find himself gazing as gratefully and as open-eyed at the rocks in which the Centaur hid as at those from which Demosthenes delivered his philippics, just as in London the room at the Charter House where Colonel Newcome said "Adsum" for the last time is much more real than that room in Edinburgh in which Rizzio was killed, or as the rock from which Monte Cristo sprang, at the base of the Château d'If, is so much more actual than the entire field of Waterloo. It is hard to know just which was real and which a delightful myth; and yet there has been so little change in Greece since then that you are brought nearer to Alcibiades and to Pericles than you can ever come, in this world at least, to Dr. Johnson and Dean Swift. You cannot recreate Grub Street and the debtors' prison, but Eubœa still "looks on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea," and, if you are presumptuous, you can strut up and down the rocky plateau from which Demosthenes spoke, or take your seat in one of the marble chairs of the Theatre of Dionysus, and pretend you are a worthy citizen of Athens listening to a satire of Sophocles.

The quiet and fresh cleanliness of modern Athens comes to you after the roar and dirt of Cairo's narrow lanes and dusty avenues like the touch of damask table linen and silver after the greasy oil-cloth of a Mediterranean coasting steamer. It is quiet, sunny, and well-bred. You do not fight your way through legions of donkey-boys and dragomans, nor are your footsteps echoed by swarms of guides and beggars. It is a pretty city, with the look of a water-color. The houses are a light yellow, and the shutters a watery green, and the tile roofs a delicate red, and the sky above a blue seldom shown to ordinary mortals, but reserved for the eyes of painters and poets, who have a sort of second sight, and so are always seeing it and using it for a background. Athens is a very new city, with new streets and new public buildings, and a new King and Royal Palace. It is like a little miniature. There is a little army, chiefly composed of officers, and a miniature cabinet, and a beautiful miniature university, and everybody knows everybody else, and when the King or Queen drives forth, the guard turns out and blows a bugle, and so all Athens, which is always sitting at the cafés around the square of the palace, nods its head and says, "The Queen is going for a drive," or, "Her Majesty has returned early to-day," and then continues to clank its sword and to twirl its mustache and to sip its coffee. Modern Athens tends towards the Frank in dress and habit of thought. The men have adopted his costume, and the women wear little flat curls like the French ladies in *Le Figaro*, and peaked bonnets and high heels.

The national costume of the Greeks is taken from the Albanians, but it is much more honored in the breach than in the observance. Like all national costumes, it is only worn, except for political effect and before a camera, by the lower classes; and also by three regiments of the army. You see it in the streets, but it is not so universally popular as one would suppose from the pictures of Athens in the illustrated papers and by the photographs in the shop windows. It is a most remarkable costume, and as widely different from the flowing robe and short skirt of the early Greeks as men in accordion petticoats and heavy white tights and a Zouave jacket must evidently be. In the country it still obtains, and it is the farmers and peasants and their wives and the soldiers who supply the picturesque element of dress to the streets of the city.

It is an inscrutable problem why, with all the national costumes in the world to choose and pick from, the world should have decided upon the dress of the Frank, that is, of the foreigner—ourselves. In Spain the peasants have given up their knickerbockers and short jackets, even in the country, for the long trousers and ill-fitting ready-made clothing of a French "sweater," and the Moors cover their robes with overcoats from Manchester, and the Arabs and Chinese and Swiss and Turks are giving up the picturesque garments that are comfortable and becoming to them, and look exceedingly ugly and uncomfortable in our own modern garb, which is the ugliest and most uncomfortable of national costumes yet devised by men or tailors. If you judge by the uniforms of the army of officers and by the dress of the women of Athens, you would think you were in a French city and among French people. It seems a pity that this should be so; that Athens, of all cities, should be built of Italian villas, inhabited by people who ape the French, and governed by a King from Denmark; still, they did not make a success of it when they tried fifty years ago to govern themselves. It is perhaps hardly fair to expect the Greeks, or even the Athenians, to live up to the great rock and the monuments that crown it, and the people of Greece are no doubt as fine as those of other little kingdoms or principalities scattered about Europe; but then the other kingdoms and principalities have not the history of early Greece to call their own or the Acropolis to look up to.

The rock of the Acropolis is hardly more a part of modern Greece than the Rock of Gibraltar is a part of Spain. Geographically it is, but it belongs as much to the visitor as to the native, so little inspiration has he apparently drawn from it, and so little has it served to bring out in him to-day those qualities that made demigods of his ancestors. I think I represent the average intelligence, and yet at this moment I cannot think of any Greek within the last hundred years who has gained world-wide renown, either as a sculptor, an artist, a soldier, a writer of comedies and satires, or a statesman, not even as an archæologist; the very historians of Greece and the exponents of its secrets and the most profound of its excavators are of other countries. They have many heroes of their own; you see their portraits or their photographs in every shop window; but they are not as familiar to you as the faces and histories of those other Greeks who sighed because there were no more worlds, and whose fame has lasted long after the other worlds were discovered. One would think that some young Greek, on arising in the morning and seeing the Acropolis against the sky, would say to himself, "To-day I shall do something worthy of that." And were he to say that often enough, and try to live up to the fortress and the temple above him, he might help to make Greece in this known world what she was in the smaller world of her day of glory. It is not because the world has grown and given her more with which to compete that she has fallen into lesser and lesser significance; for though the world has increased in latitude and longitude, it has not yet carved another Hermes like that of Praxiteles, and though it has added three continents since his day, it has never equalled in marbles the fluttering draperies of the Flying Victory, or the carvings over the doorway of the Erechtheum.

But, as far as in him lies, the Greek has endeavored to copy the traditions of his ancestors. He holds Olympic games in the ancient arena which King George has had excavated, and if victorious receives a wreath of wild olives from the hands of the King; and he builds the new market where the old market stood, and the new military hospital as near as is possible to the hospital of Æsculapius. But he cannot bring back to the market-place that very human citizen who cast in his shell against Aristides because he was aweary of hearing him called the Just; nor can either his games or his hospital bring back the perfect figure and health of the men whose figures and profiles have set the model for all time. He has, however, retained the Greek language, which is very creditable to him, as it is a language one learns only after much difficulty, and then forgets at once. He even goes so far as to put up the names of the streets in Greek, which strikes the bewildered tourist trying to find his way back to his hotel as a trifle pedantic, and he prints his daily newspaper in this same tongue. This is, perhaps, going a little too far, as it leaves you in some doubt as to whether you have been reading of the Panama scandal or a reprint on the battle of Marathon.

Baron Sina, a Greek banker, has shown the most public-spirited and patriotic generosity, and taste as well, in erecting the buildings of the university at his own expense and giving them to the city. They are reproductions in many ways of different parts of the temples of the Acropolis in miniature. The Polytechnic is almost an exact copy of the front of the Parthenon. There is a picture of it from a photograph given in this article, but it can supply no idea of the beauty of the modern reproduction of this temple. The lines and measurements are the same in degree; and the Polytechnic, besides, is colored and gilded as was the original Parthenon, and for the first time makes you understand how brilliant reds and beautiful blues and gold and black on marble can be combined with the marble's purity and help rather than cheapen it. It is a lesson in loveliness, and is as wonderful and brilliantly beautiful a building as the marble and gold monument to the Prince Consort in Hyde Park is vulgar and atrocious. If this copy in miniature, this working model of the Parthenon, moves one as it does, it can be better taken for granted than told here how great are the strength and purity of the Parthenon, even in ruins, with its gilt washed to a dull brown and its colors and bass-reliefs stripped from its pediment. I shall certainly not attempt to tell it.

There are very few tourists who visit Athens in proportion to those who visit far less momentous ruins; thousands go to Rome and see the Colosseum, to Egypt and view the storied walls of the great rude temples along the Nile, and as many more make the tour of the English cathedral towns; but in Athens it is almost difficult to find a guide. There are not more than a half-dozen, I am sure, in the whole city, and the Acropolis is yours if you wish, and you are often as much alone as though you had been the first to climb its sides. I do not mean by this that it is neglected, or that relic-hunters may chip at it or carry away pieces of its handiwork, or broken bits of the Turkish shells that have shattered it, but the guards are unobtrusive, and you are free to wander in and out in this forest of marble and fallen trunks of columns as though you were the ghost of some Athenian citizen revisiting the scenes of his former life.

There is no question that half of the pleasure you receive in wandering over the top of this great wind-blown rock, with the surrounding snow-touched mountains on a level with your eye, and the great temples rearing above you or lying broken at your feet, magnificent even there, is due to your seeing them alone, to the fact that no guide's parrotlike volubility harasses you, no guard's scornful gloom chills your enthusiasm. The great bay of turquoise-blue and the green fields and the bunches of cactus and groves of dark olive-trees below are unspoiled by modern innovations, and the hills are still dotted with sheep and shepherds, as they were in the days of Sappho.

Overhead is the blue sky, with the ivory columns between; far below you is the steep naked rock, or, on the other hand, the two semicircles of marble seats cushioned with velvet moss and carpeted with daisies and violets, and beyond the limits of the yellow town and its red roofs and dark green gardens stretches the green plain until it touches the sea, or is blocked by Mount Hymettus or Mount Pentelicus, beyond which latter lies the field of Marathon. Sitting on the edge of the rock, you can imagine the actors strutting out into the theatre below, and the acquiescent chorus chanting its surprise or horror, and almost see the bent shoulders and heads of the people filling the half-circle and leaning forward to catch each word of the play as it comes to them through the actors' masks.

Sounds, no matter how far afield, drift to you drowsily, like the voice of one reading aloud on a summer's day—the bleating of the sheep in the valley where Plato argued, and the jangling of a goat's bell, or the laughter of children flying kites on the Pnyx, a quarter of a mile away. And beyond the reach of sound is the Ægean Sea weltering in the sun, with little three-cornered sails, like tops, or a great vessel drawing a chalk-line after it through the still surface of the water. All things are possible at such a time in this place. You can almost hear the bees on Mount Hymettus, and you would receive the advance of a Centaur as calmly as Alice noted the approach of the White Rabbit. You believe in nymphs and satyrs. They have their homes there in those caves, and in the thick green, almost black, woods at the base of the Parnes range, and you love the bravery of St. Paul, who dared to doubt such things when he stood on the rock at your feet and told the men of Athens that they were in many things too superstitious. It is something to have seen the ribs cut in the rock on the top of the Acropolis which kept the wheels of the chariots from slipping when the Panathenaic procession moved along the Via Sacra to the Eleusinian mysteries, to have looked upon the caryatides of the Erechtheum, and to have wanted back as a lost part of your own self, for the time being, the Elgin marbles. When Napoleon stole the Venus of Milo he placed her in the Louvre, where every one will see her sooner or later; for if he is good he goes to Paris when he dies, and if he is bad he is sure to go there in his lifetime. But *who* has ever been to the British Museum? One would as soon think of visiting Pentonville prison. And how do the marbles look under the soot-stained windows or the gray of London fog? Like the few Lord Elgin did not want, and that stand out like ivory in their proper height against the soft sky that knows and loves them? When the people of Great Britain have returned the "Elgin marbles" to Greece, and the Rock of Gibraltar to Spain, and the Koh-i-noor diamond to India, and Egypt to the Egyptians, they will be a proud and haughty people, and will be able to hold their heads as high as any one.

One cannot help feeling that the King of Greece has a much greater responsibility than he knows. Other monarchs must look after their boundaries; he must not only look after his boundaries, but his sky-line. Another such affront to good taste as the observatory on the Hill of the Nymphs, and the sky-line of Athens will be unrecognizable. And the tall chimneys at the Piræus are not half as attractive to the view as the spars of the ships. It is much better not to have manufactories that must have chimneys than spoil a view which no other kingdom can equal. Any king can put up a chimney; very few are given the care of an Acropolis; and if the King and Queen of Greece wish to be remembered as kindly by the rest of the world as they are loved dearly by their adopted people, they will guard the treasure put in their keeping, and sweep observatories from sacred hills, and continue to limit the guides on the Acropolis, and so win the gratitude of a civilized world.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XIX.

LATE one afternoon Ogden drew down his desk top, put on his street coat, felt in his pocket to be sure that Atwater's tasteful memorandum was still there, and took the elevator up to the eighteenth floor. He had been as conscious of that memorandum all through the day as he would have been of a mustard plaster. On taking it out and recreasing its immaculate folds he almost felt as if he were about to dispute a debt of honor.

Atwater was in, but he was completely taken up in radiating his careful affability upon some promising clients who wanted not only doors but the house that went with them. Ogden got no closer to him than to secure the attention of the clerk whose duty it was to mediate between the contractors and the plans they were to follow.

He was an alert, nervous young man, with a big shock of unruly hair and a pair of large luminous eyes behind his hooked and shimmering spectacles. He ran his long, lean, inky fingers through his hair, and transferred his wide eyes from the memorandum to the man who had brought it in.

"No," he said presently; "it's all right—there's no mistake. Mr. Atwater took a good deal of interest in this work. He sketched out some of the drawings himself, to start with, and he even touched up a few of them to finish with."

"Touched up a few of them to finish with?" George repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes; he don't do that often. When he does, it makes a difference; it ought to."

The whole matter was coming to assume the aspect of a personal favor; it was a debt of honor, after all. The grocer, the upholsterer, and the rest of them might wait; it would give them time to learn the value of an elegant "presence" and the compelling force of personal acquaintance.

The doors, hung and paid for, swung open many times during the following winter and spring, to admit people whom, as is wife assured him, it was an advantage to know. He became conscious that she was actuated by motives quite different from his, and that she had a standard quite at variance from any that he himself would have set up. She strained for people that he would not have turned his hand for. Most of these had familiar names, and it sometimes seemed to him as if many of them had had their place in the social yearnings of Cornelia McNabb. Certainly his wife's attitude was quite different from that of the Floyds, who had been disposed to pooh-pooh quietly almost everybody, and also from that of her own parents, who simply accepted the circle that chance and association had formed for them, and met everybody on the same dead level of good-will.

During Lent his wife arranged a small musical; another Mary Munson had arrived—this time from Cincinnati. The names of the performers included only those of amateurs of the better sort—since she knew that good professional services were quite beyond her reach; yet chairs, awnings, and refreshments called for the expense of outside supervision. The morning before it she put a slip of paper into his hands.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1902.

"You are going right past the *Tribune*. Won't you just leave this with them?"

It was an announcement of her musical. It included a list of names—not those of the performers, but those of the listeners.

"All old friends—in print," her husband commented. "What do you care for these people? Why don't you ask the Fairchilds?—they're quiet, but they're nice; and they like music. Why don't you have your father and mother? I haven't seen either of them for a month."

His wife writhed delicately in protest. Her winter had increased her paleness. The blue veins were bluer in her temples; her large eyes looked larger yet, and there were faint circles under them.

"Well, Cecilia doesn't fancy Mrs. Fairchild very much, in the first place—"

George bit his lip. By the curious workings of chance he had never yet seen Cecilia Ingles; but he no longer joked about her non-actuality. She appeared to be looming up as the great power in his household.

"—and besides," she proceeded, "who would recognize their names if they saw them in print?"

George stood like a looker-on at a transformation scene, before whose eyes the gauze veils are lifted one by one in slow succession. "Oh, then," he said, and less in jest than in earnest, "there is no use in enjoying ourselves unless we put it in the papers, and no use of putting it in the papers unless we can give a list of names, and no—"

"Now, George!" She flushed with vexation.

"—and no use of putting in a list of names unless they are names that will be generally recognized. Well, that *does* cut out the Fairchilds and your poor mother too. And mine." He looked at her narrowly.

"Now, George," she cried again, "how can you be so disagreeable? You know papa and mamma wouldn't care anything for this: nor your mother either. And it isn't the only thing I'm ever going to have. I can ask her yet, though, if you want me to."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Only don't lose your head. Here, give me that precious notice. Perhaps, before long, people who are after names will be just as anxious to get yours."

"You silly boy!" she cried, striking him lightly across the shoulder. But she was pleased and gratified by this, and she was not able to conceal it.

Following Lent there was the usual social after-math. For Mrs. George Milward Ogden the major stress of the season was over, but she gave a few luncheons, and she went to a good many others. These little functions sent dozens of ladies tripping through the raw winds and the slushy streets of spring. The lake, weltering under the gray skies of March, dashed its vicious sprays high over the sea-wall, and sent its cruel blasts gashingly through the streets that ended on its confines. And at such signals asthma and bronchitis and pneumonia dug their clutching fingers into the throats and lungs of thousands of tender sufferers.

Jessie's supplementary doings were of too informal a nature to demand the entrance of outside help, but at the same time they were of a kind to lay the maximum strain upon the small and simply organized household which was all that her husband was as yet able to maintain.

About every so often the domestic tension overtook the breaking-point. An interregnum would follow, and then a change of dynasty. The blame for these economic hitches George was obliged to distribute with an even hand. He acknowledged frankly the mere muddishness of most of the peasant material that oozed in and out of his kitchen; but he was also obliged to recognize the utter tactlessness of his wife and the folly of her unguarded exhibitions of conscious superiority. She had never before been able to issue directions to two servants, and she had never acquired the practical experience necessary for the control of even one. She referred to her servants in their own hearing *as* servants; and this did not seem to her as inconsiderate from the point of humanity or unwise as a mere matter of policy.

The burden of this fell principally upon her husband. He was obliged now and then to temporize with an indignant cook to secure a dinner for the evening; on one occasion he employed all his finesse to effect without scandal the removal of a frantic chamber-maid; and he became more familiarly known to the intelligence offices than he had ever expected to be. His wife was manifestly incapable of keeping a house, and he was committed to housekeeping for a year to come.

March passed and April came. One evening they sat together in their little parlor. The weather outside was raw and rainy, and not all of its chill could be kept out by the grate fire over which Jessie was cowering and shivering. She wore a fleecy wrap on which her thin fingers took a sinuous clutch, and she was nursing a cold whose sniffling discomfort seemed passing into an obstinate cough. She was running over the newspaper carelessly.

"I see Mayme Brainard's mother has just died," she said presently. "'On the eighth of April, at her residence'—and all that—'Abigail Brainard, aged fifty-six years.' Wasn't she any older than that? Well, I suppose not. No great change for her, is it?"

"What did she die of?"

"Oh, it was her lungs. It's a wonder that anybody lives through these springs. I can't think why we ever got so close to the lake as this. I don't feel sure of getting through another winter here myself."

She leaned forward to stir the fire, and then lay back, coughing.

"I suppose they'll let Mayme come home now—for the funeral, anyway. I wonder if she'll bring the baby. He swears he won't see it. Cornelia says it's a pretty little thing—Abbie was down there a month ago."

George stared at the fire thoughtfully, and reached mechanically for the poker.

"I don't know how they will feel, now, about staying in that house," she went on. "Cornelia wants to move the whole family over here, but Abbie won't listen to her. I don't know whether she likes her own part of town, but she seems to have taken a strong dislike to this. Anyway, she has never come near *me*, for all you helped them at her brother's wedding. Cornelia appears to think everything of her, though, and I guess she likes Cornelia quite a little. Funny, isn't it, that those two— Goodness, George, don't knock the fire all to pieces. Here; let me have it."

She took the poker from him.

"Dear me, what a miserable flue!" She looked at him discontentedly as she settled back wearily in her big chair. "And we've really got this house on our hands for a whole year more?" She seemed to feel in this one year the weight of eternity.

"That's what the lease says," he responded, soberly. "What do you say?" his eyes seemed to ask.

She spoke her thoughts presently and at some length. She proposed giving up the house on the first of May. Was it a passing caprice or a serious desire? he wondered.

"Shall you take your porch and your doors with you?" he asked, with a sorry smile. "They cost enough to be worth considering."

"No," she answered, with the simple literalness that builds a stone wall in a moment. "We shouldn't need them in an apartment-house."

"That's the idea, is it?"

"Yes: it strikes me that that would be the best thing all around—an apartment-house, with a café or something. Lots of nice people live that way now. Look at Cecilia Ingles's cousin; she is invited everywhere, and she entertains just the same as if she was in her own house. It's too hard work for me to run things like this, and I've just got to get farther away from this miserable lake."

"There's all the furniture."

"We could use some of it."

"And store the rest?"

"Yes—or auction it."

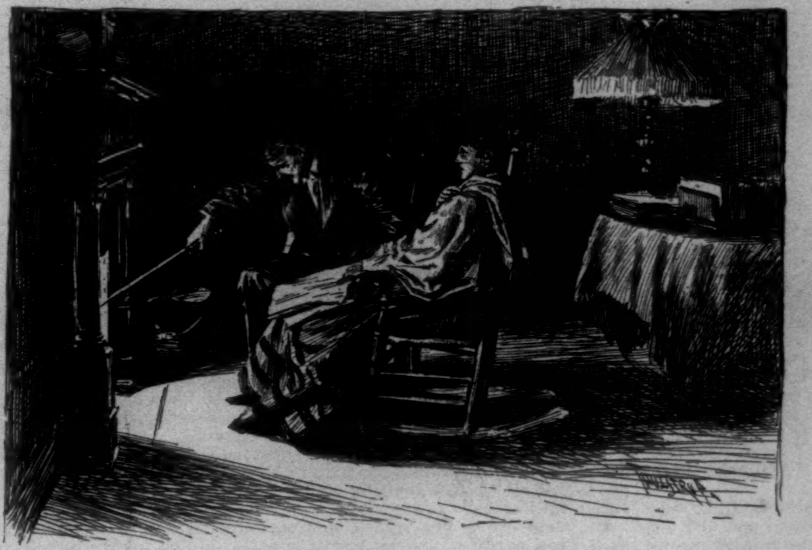
"Small profit in either. What are you going to do with the lease? Store it, or auction it, or use it for furnishing?"

Her lip quivered sensitively. "Why, I supposed—"

"Yes, we *can* sublet the house—if anybody is found to take it. There was something of a wait before *we* took it. There might be another."

"There's that Mrs. Cass—"

"I don't know how much she could do in three weeks—a good many people are fixed by this time. Two weeks sooner would have made some difference. I couldn't very well afford to carry the house all through the summer. There's a bottom to our pocket-book, and we are getting to it faster than you think."


"GOODNESS, GEORGE, DON'T KNOCK THE FIRE ALL TO PIECES!"

This was a figure of speech that called for no direct response. For—

"Well," she went on, "that's my idea—a flat, with our meals. This would give me my chance to get away for a part of the summer—I'm sure I need it."

"Away for a part of the summer?"

"Yes. Mary Munson was saying something about my going to the White Mountains with her in July. They would do me good. Though perhaps the sea-shore might be better; plenty of those down-East people are indebted to me now."

Another of those gauze veils was lifting. Married life was but a prolongation of girlhood, with all its associations and peregrinations. Where did the husband come in?

They left the house on the first of May. George recognized by this time the essential slightness and incapacity of his wife, and renounced the possibility of a home in any but a modified sense. Part of their goods was sacrificed at auction, part was stored at a rate that would have provided a home for a working-man's family, a few pieces were utilized in filling up a partly furnished flat, and the deserted house remained vacant through the summer. It was not until October that its ornate front and its tasteful decorations caught the eye of the right man, and by October a complication of interests had made a vacant house the very least of Ogden's concerns.

The place came under the consideration of the Floyds as soon as the intentions of the Ogdens became known. A decided change had come over Walworth's affairs; a less expensive house than his present one now seemed a great advantage. But his own lease ran for a year more; besides, his wife had too high an idea of their position and its dues to think of succeeding the young Ogdens in such a tenancy. The Floyds, as a matter of fact, were sinking to bed-rock—a foothold whose reality they had never tested yet; and there need be no wonder that the beginning of their downward course was marked by a slow reluctance. Walworth endeavored to make good the shortages occasioned through his brother's clippings by intrusting Ann with commissions on his behalf upon the Open Board—affairs in which she was no more successful for him than for herself; while his wife, for the first time, made some efforts in a society for which she had always had a shade of careless contempt.

The Ogdens established themselves anew in a large building where they had four or five small rooms, and where they could breakfast and dine with a few hundred persons of like requirements and like situation. George now began renewed efforts to turn to account the property for which he had received deeds from McDowell. His half-year of married life had put him in an awkward and straitened position, and the usual activity in real property that comes with the spring was something of which the utmost advantage must be taken.

He placed some of his outside acres with one or two good houses, but this entire side of business seemed pervaded by apathy.

"It's going to be an off-year," he was told. "Acres are down, and it looks as if they were going to stay so—for some time, anyway. We'll take this, though, and do what we can. You pay this year's taxes, of course?"

So much for the real estate. McDowell's notes, which he had made to run for a longer term than pleased anybody but himself, showed the due and prompt endorsement of interest payments; and if there was anything else in the general situation to call for gratulation, Ogden failed to discover it.

XX.

Jessie Ogden's supposition with regard to Mary Brainard was justified by events: the poor exile was allowed to come back to town to attend her mother's funeral, and, thanks to a providential escort, she was enabled to bring her child with her. The two arrived under the charge of a distant relative by marriage of the Centralia Brainards, who was understood to be on the point of visiting the city anyway, for the purpose of "buying goods." He was presented by the name of Briggs.

He was a somewhat uncouth and slovenly man of thirty-five—a fair specimen of the type evolved by the small towns of southern Illinois. But he had a bright and capable way with him, and it seemed likely enough that if he were to transfer himself and his business to Chicago, as he once spoke of doing, he might work himself up into pretty fair shape. He was a widower.

He showed some fitting sense of the solemnity of the occasion that had brought him to the house; but it was fair to surmise from various tokens that his usual treatment of the subdued young mother was in the line of familiar kindness, which only genuine solicitude kept apart from semi-jocularity—a jocularity that had almost the effect of an understanding. He seemed to have about the same understanding with the baby; he had held it part of the time on the train, and he had shown a willingness to be useful in the same direction subsequently.

Brainard saw the child once. He looked at the boy's dark hair and eyes and vented a dreadful oath, and signified that while he and his mother were in the house the infant must be kept out of sight and out of sound.

Abbie Brainard made no effort towards further mediation between her father and her sister. The present status was endurable, and there was little to be gained by additional appeal to the irascible old man; it was irascibility rather than sorrow which now possessed him. Nothing irritated him more than an address to the deeper emotions, and the passing of his life-long partner was an address of this character. And this irascibility had risen to a pitch of fury on account of the unfortunate resemblance of Mary Vibert's child to its father.

Abbie was still leading her old life in her old way. She had her reading, her accounts, her church-work; but she went at these with less energy than she had shown a year ago. She had lost something in flesh and something in spirits, but nothing was slighted. She had no confidants and she made no moan.

"What *is* the matter with her?" Cornelia would now and then ask herself. "If she would only rip out and say something; but I never saw a girl who was so mum. I'll get her out of this place, though, if anybody can. She has got to come up there and live with me. I'll fetch that, if I have to pull her up by the roots."

And then, putting generalization in the place of any tangible particulars, "I believe she's just starving"—which was not altogether wrong.

Cornelia found no specific grounds for approaching her father-in-law about Abbie, but she had some words with him about Abbie's sister.

She went to him one evening in his den; it was the day after the funeral. The distant wailing of the baby's voice had caused him to shut the door of his little room with a profane slam.

"Mr. Briggs is right there in the parlor," she said to him, boldly, "waiting for her to come down; I don't see that it's going to help things any to slam doors. If he don't mind the baby, I guess we don't have to."

He turned upon her fiercely and half rose from his chair. It seemed for a moment as if he was intending to put her out of the room.

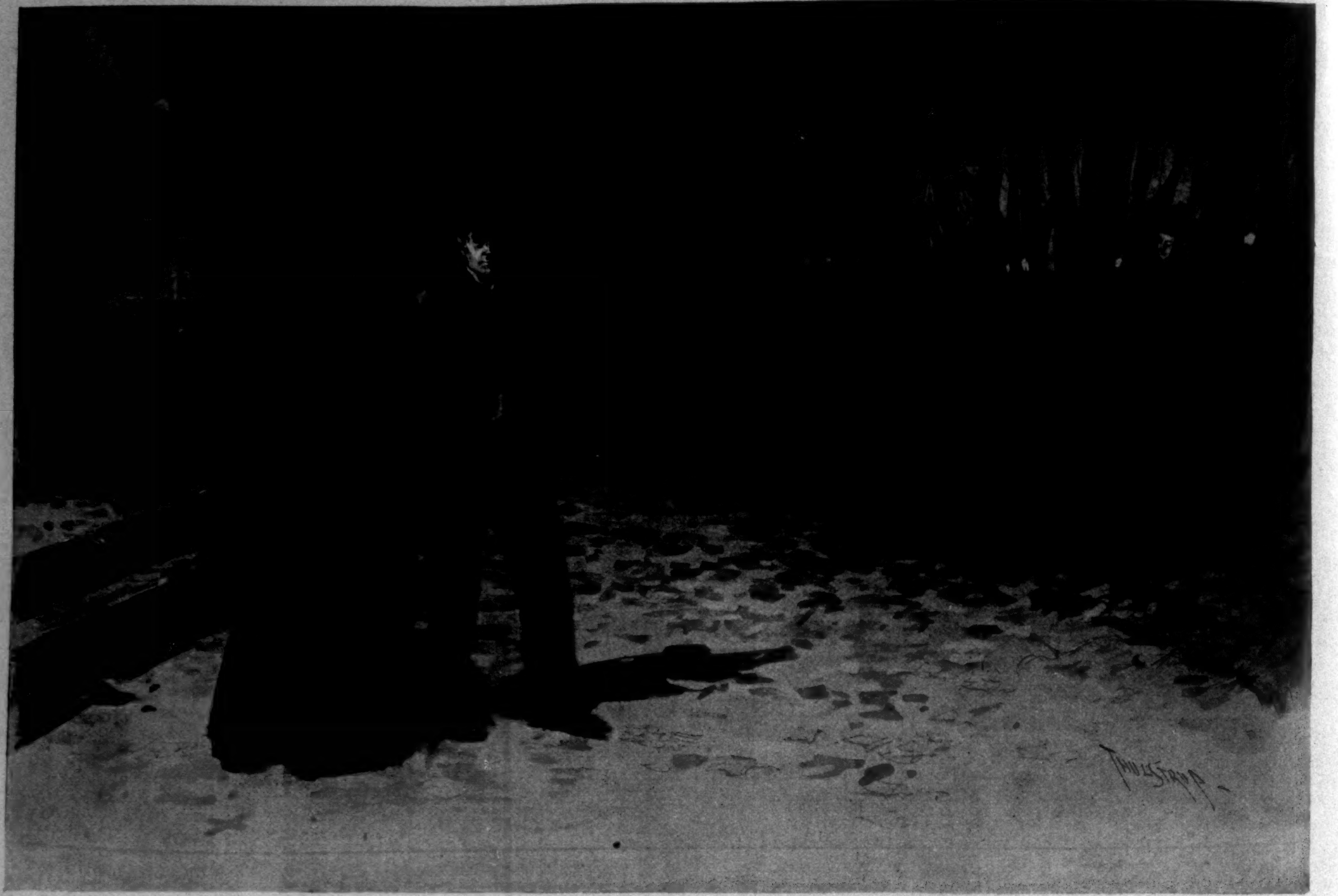
But she stood her ground and stared him full in the face. She was the only one in the family who, when the real pinch came, could look him down. He fell back in his seat and fixed an uncertain eye upon the panels of the door.

"There's such a thing as sense at such places as this, if you'd only know it," she went on. She spoke out loudly; she knew that if she used a moderate voice her tones would tremble. "I should think we might hold in for the day or so that the man's here. He knows why she was sent off down there, and that's bad enough; but it's worse for him to bring her up here and have her treated bad right before his face. Why can't you speak to her at table? Why can't you have—"

"That will do, Cornelia." He beat on the arm of his chair with his doubled-up fist. "We won't have anything more of this sort of thing. That will do."

But there was a kind of harsh grin on his face; he either admired her pluck or anticipated her point. She saw this, and knew that she held him in her hand.

"No, it won't do, Cornelia—not yet. Why do you think he is here? Do you suppose a man goes travelling around the country with a woman and a three-months-old baby for the fun of it? And he hasn't come up to 'buy goods'—don't you believe it. This is a great chance for Mayme, everything considered. He's a smart fellow, and you don't want



"IS HE DEAD?"

to go and spoil it all. This is a thing that will take care of itself if you'll only give it a show."

He stared at her—still rather forbiddingly. But she saw admiration appearing through indignation, and she judged that it was gaining the upper hand.

"Now," she said, with her own hand on the door-knob, "when you ask Mayme to-morrow morning if she would like another piece of steak, I want you to look at her: seems to me this is a time when a family should act *like* a family. And I guess it wouldn't hurt you much to put yourself out far enough to ask that man to smoke a cigar with you. You try. And I think this door had better stay the way I leave it."

She passed out, leaving the door open. And open it remained.

In such fashion as this came Mary Brainard to her mother's burial. But her younger brother came not, and no one knew where he was or what he might be doing.

Briggs left for Centralia on the following evening, his charges remaining behind, by an inconclusive arrangement that might terminate in almost any way. Cornelia, who attended his departure with a lively interest, noticed that Abbie, in her hat and cloak, was trying to take advantage of this same occurrence to steal out of the house. She followed her through the vestibule, and overtook her half-way down the steps.

"Abbie," she called after her, "where are you going?"

"'Sh!" Abbie said, softly. "I'm just going out for a few minutes."

"Neighbors?"

"No, not exactly," the girl hesitated. "I'm just going a block or two."

"You don't want to be trotting around alone this time of night. Sha'n't I go with you?"

She placed her hand on Abbie's arm to draw her back while she put on her own things. She felt her companion tremble, and saw an expression of anxiety on her face which she took to mean embarrassment.

"No, Cornelia, I don't want you to go with me. I don't need you; I've got to go alone."

"Upon my word, I think you're acting mighty queer. I just believe, Abbie Brainard, that you are going out to meet somebody—you, of all people!"

Abbie started. "Supposing I am?" she stammered.

"Who is it?" asked Cornelia, peremptorily. Only an extremely eager interest would have made her take this tone with Abbie. "Well, I must say, I think your father is a little too bad. Why can't he see that girls have got to be girls? First it's Mayme, and now it's—"

"Cornelia!" cried Abbie, with a violent blush and the trembling voice that foreshadows tears. "It's my brother! It's Marcus!"

"Marcus!" exclaimed Cornelia. "Then I *am* going, sure. Where are you to meet him—in the park?"

Abbie bowed assent.

"Well, then, you wait one second. I'll be right out again."

"Don't come. He won't speak to me if he sees anybody with me."

"I can stand around somewhere—I won't do any harm."

She was actuated as much by curiosity as by sympathy. She had never seen Marcus, but she remembered the "erring son" of her first play, and nothing more than one's first play has a fixed footing in one's association of ideas.

The park lay under the cold glare of the electric light, in the state of forbidding bareness that overtakes all such urban tracts during the earlier days of spring. Soggy footprints showed everywhere in the soaked brown turf that bordered the winding paths, and masses of dead leaves were matted together at the roots of the spindling shrubbery. The arc-lights threw a ghastly illumination on the flat white fronts of the houses that stood around in rows outside, as well as on the stretches of theatrical posters which filled up the spaces between; and they flung deep shadows into the flimsy arbors and kiosks that started up here and there within. Abbie, with her companion, traversed a number of spongy gravelled paths, and presently the figure of a man emerged from a summer-house and advanced to meet her. Cornelia turned off, and paused behind the thickened stalks of a bare bush.

"Marcus!" cried Abbie, as her brother moved towards her, "Marcus, why didn't you come? I waited at the door to let you in. Could anybody have made any trouble at such a time as that?"

He came up to her with a few unsteady steps. His eyes were bloodshot, and on his face, which seemed paler and thinner than ever under the white flood from the globe overhead, there was a long half-healed scar. He looked at her in a dull, dazed way; perhaps he simply misapprehended these present words, perhaps he was unable to fully comprehend any words at all.

"You could have gone in a carriage all alone with me," she went on, in pitiful reproach. "And you could have staid in it—you needn't have seen anybody else at all. I wanted you so much. Mayme came; why couldn't you? Oh, Marcus, you were thought of; your name was almost the last one said."

She threw her head on his shoulder and burst into tears. He gave way a little, and then, with an effort, he mastered a steadier pose.

Her crape brushed his face: he felt it, rather than saw it.

"Is he dead?" Something like light came into his dull eye. The lamp above gave a sudden vast flicker, and the long scar on his face deepened and lengthened and came back to itself again. It was all like a sinister and cynical smile.

"Marcus! don't you know? Where have you been? Haven't you got any of my letters?"

He leaned against the silly rusticity of the summer-house, and looked at her with a dazed but inquiring eye.

"It's mother! It's mother!" the poor girl cried. "Why didn't you come?"

"Why, how is this?" asked Cornelia, stepping forward. "Hadn't he heard?"

"I mailed them to the same place. And the money—didn't you get that either?"

He looked at her steadily and soberly, but his eyes had a heavy droop. "It's mother," he said at length; "it's mother that's dead." He sat down carefully on the steps of the summer-house. "And my name was the last. Always the last, Abbie. When was it?"

"Has he moved—do you suppose?" asked Cornelia. She regarded him long and steadily. She seemed about to recognize him—though voice was apparently counting for more than face.

"It was only day before yesterday," Abbie said. "I tried to see you, but it was so far, and there was so much to do. But I sent you word."

"I haven't been there lately," he said, slowly. "I couldn't have come day before yesterday," he added, presently.

"Where have I seen him before?" thought Cornelia. And, "What is the matter with him?" she seemed to ask of Abbie.

"I couldn't come," he repeated. "I'm sorry," he added, humbly. "I was—somewhere else."

"Have you been away all these three months? I haven't seen you since almost New Year's. Have you been away from the city all this time?"

"I have been somewhere—somewhere else," he repeated, thickly. He rose tremblingly. "I suppose they'll have me there again, some time. Well, all right," he said, with resignation.

"What does he mean?" asked Abbie, turning appealingly to Cornelia.

Marcus followed his sister's eyes. He looked at Cornelia narrowly, his own eyes half closed. "Who is this?" he asked.

"It's Cornelia—Burt's wife."

"Burt's wife?" He held her with an enigmatical stare. "I have seen her," he said—"before."

"Where?" thought Cornelia. "Not possibly at—the theatre?"

"In church," he explained, with a slow gravity. "He isn't dead—Burt?"

"Dead?" cried Cornelia. "No, indeed."

"No, he isn't dead," Marcus repeated, deliberately. His eyelids raised themselves. "He is married; he has half a million," he went on, with the same slowness. His eye lighted up with a malignant glare. "No, he isn't dead. But—"

He stretched himself aloft, and thrust out his arm, and staggered, and only half saved himself.

"—but I will kill him," he added, suddenly.

"Marcus!" his sister screamed; "are you mad?"

He lay slantingly against the corner of the summer-house. His arm caught at the cross-pieces of the rustic carpentry, and he hung there panting. Presently a little stream of blood began to trickle across the palm of his hand; he had torn himself on a nail. He felt the warm fluid on his skin, and held up his hand to his own curious and impersonal inspection.

"Give me your handkerchief, Cornelia," Abbie implored, pitifully. She folded her own and laid Cornelia's over it, and twisted it around his thumb and tied it over his wrist.

His fingers felt thin and clawlike, and there was a grime rubbed into their cracked and roughened skin—those girlish fingers (his mother's fingers) that had once held a pencil so delicately.

"I have seen her—before," he repeated. "Here." He jerked his hand out of his sister's hold and waved it over the circumscribed and shabby landscape. The light shimmered on the leaden surface of the pond behind them, and the wind rustled the stark weeds along its muddy edges. "I knew it was coming." Abbie caught his hand back. "Half a million; he never did anything for me. I will kill *him*," he muttered, faintly.

Cornelia continued her inspection of him. "Abbie, just look at these clothes, will you? And he hasn't got any cuffs on, either."

"Marcus," his sister called, appealingly. Her raised voice indicated that, after all, she must acknowledge him as other than himself. "All that money I sent you—you need it. Go right away to-morrow to your old number and get it." She turned to Cornelia. "I haven't got any; have you? I forgot it after all."

"Just this half-dollar," she answered. "Exactly what I paid," she said to herself, "to see him in this part once before." She recognized him now; she saw that she had been interested in the new actor because nobody else had seemed so; and she felt sure that his attempt on the stage had been the same brief failure that all of his other attempts must have been as well.

Marcus raised himself, and a sly smile came over his face. "Money?" he said. "Keep it. I don't want it. I can raise all I need. Vibert knew the ropes, and now I know them just as well myself. I can do business all right again. No money, Abbie; no." He thrust it back upon her. "He always said I wasn't *fit* for business; but I'll show him."

He braced himself and stepped out decidedly into the path. He turned in the direction of the exit. The other two insensibly took this direction as well, and fell to regulating their steps by his.

"You are a good sister, Abbie," he said, as they passed out. "You have been good to me. Good." He put his hand on hers; he had forgotten that it was bandaged. There was a soft stringency in the folds of the handkerchiefs, but she felt his grateful pulses underneath.

"Oh, Cornelia," moaned poor Abbie, "I must take him home—I must—I must! So near at hand, and the place where he belongs. I can't leave him to go wandering around like this."

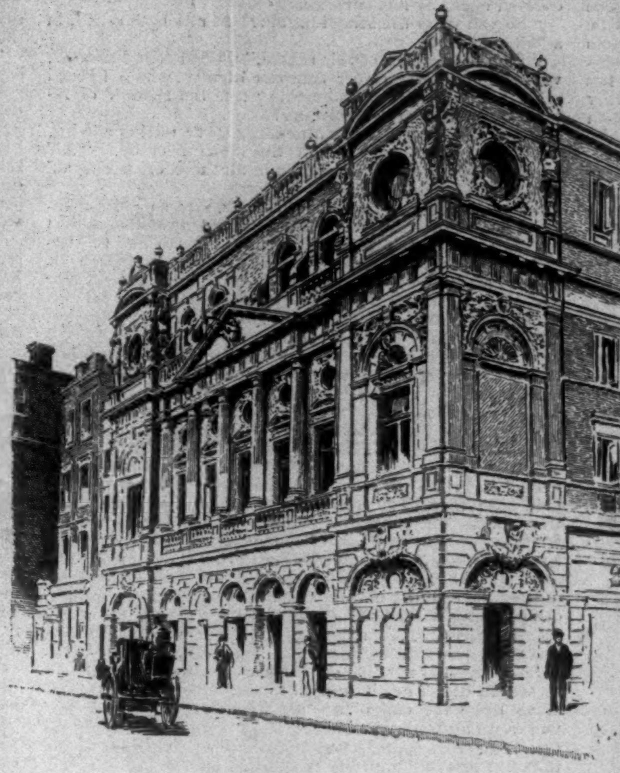
Marcus laid his bandaged hand on his sister's shoulder. "No, Abbie." The earlier waves of a sodden stupor now seemed to be washing over him, and he looked on the two girls with a dull lear. "Not home. Better place than home. But some time—I will come home some time. He never treated me as well as he did Burt." His tones came thickly. "I will kill him," he murmured softly to himself in a drunken confidence.

He turned off down a side street. Abbie stood watching him as he disappeared, to reappear in the light of frequent lamp-posts. Presently he turned a corner. Abbie clasped her hand tightly in her companion's and allowed herself to be led home.

"Another job for me," said Cornelia, thoughtfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DALY'S NEW LONDON THEATRE.



DALY'S NEW THEATRE IN LONDON.

A NOTABLE addition to the already long list of London play-houses has been made by the opening of Daly's Theatre. The initial performance took place on June 27th, and here it may be at once stated that both by reason of the excellence of the structure and the high artistic and histrionic attainments of the players, the new venture is unmistakably destined to occupy a leading position in English theatrical annals.

The building is situated in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, in the very heart of London theatrical life. The architect has successfully carried into effect the wish of Mr. George Edwardes, the owner, and Mr. Augustin Daly, the lessee, that the exterior should possess sufficiently striking characteristics to indicate the reason and use of the interior.

Designed on the lines of a free treatment of the Italian Renaissance style, and executed in Ham Hill stone, the imposing façade irresistibly appeals to the passer-by, in welcome contrast to the dull level of uninteresting mediocrity and monotony usually identified with the external architecture of most London theatres.

Passing through the main entrance, we are in a "grand hall" paved with mosaic floor, and with walls and ceiling bearing perfectly modelled cupids and nude figures in relief; while in front are marble steps leading to the dress circle and, right and left, to the stalls.

One usually difficult question the architect has successfully solved—that the public should have a good view of the stage from any part of the auditorium without unpleasant craning of the neck, or the more exasperating (to their neighbors) method of standing during critical moments of the performance. The sight lines and curves have been arranged in a graceful and novel manner, and, in addition, pillars are entirely dispensed with, the balcony, first circle, and gallery being supported on the cantilever system, with the result that an uninterrupted view of the performance is ensured to the occupant of even the most distant seat.

A magnificent foyer has been placed directly above the vestibule, and by the construction of a well-hole in the floor the foyer is created into a promenade or gallery. It is handsomely decorated with columns, pilasters, and entablature, crowned between with Sunnetts and Capola ceiling, the whole being carried out in Italian rococo style, with treatment of gold and blending tints.

The entire building is constructed exclusively of fire-resisting materials, all iron-work being encased in concrete, and the auditorium fitted with a system of hydrants under the care of a special fireman. The stage is divided from the auditorium by a fire-proof curtain of asbestos enclosed in an iron frame and worked by hydraulic power.

The theatre has been erected from the designs and under the personal superintendence of Mr. Spencer Chadwick, 17 Parliament Street, London. The furniture and decorations, which are in the most recherché style, are by Messrs. Collinson & Lock, Oxford Street, London.

A most distinguished company assembled at the opening performance, among those present being the American Ambassador, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, General Collins (the American Consul-General), the Earl and Countess of Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Mackay, Lord Rothschild, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Henry Layard, and Chief-Justice Daly of New York.

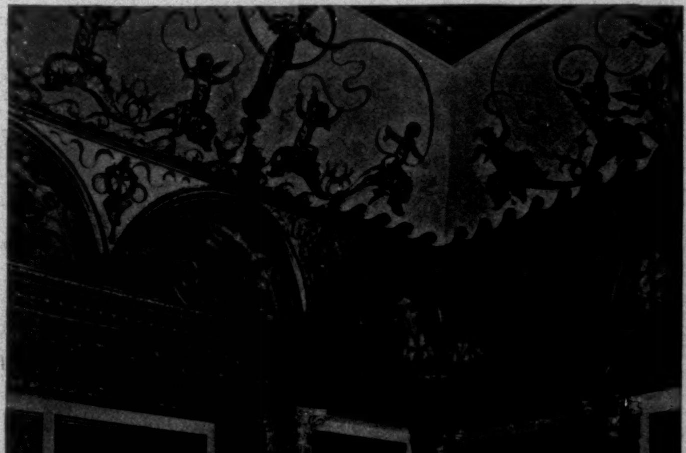
Replete with every modern theatrical requirement, manned by one of the most brilliant companies of comedians, and directed by an exceptionally experienced manager, Daly's Theatre has already assured itself a long lease of public favor.

J. R.

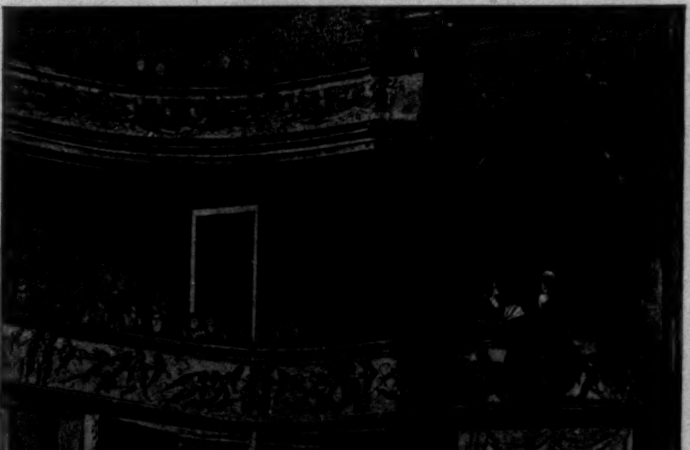
JAMES HERRON ECKELS.

THE appointment of the present Comptroller of the Currency was received by the country not only with surprise but with a storm of disapprobation. Hardly any one knew who Mr. Eckels was. Those who met him for the first time were not impressed by his appearance. He is about thirty-five, and looks not more than twenty-five. Moreover, he was slim and pale, and there was little of determination in his manner, which was somewhat limp and jointless, after the fashion sometimes met with in the section of the country from which he comes. Added to this, he was himself surprised by the appointment, and Washington knew that he had expressed doubt as to his own fitness for the place. He had applied for the United States District-Attorneyship of Northern Illinois, and was supported by Congressman Cable, the Illinois member of the Democratic National Committee and the head of the Western National Campaign Committee. As the two went to the Capitol on the eventful day, Mr. Eckels told Mr. Cable that he knew from the President that he was to receive some appointment, but what it was he could not guess. When he looked over the list in the office of the Senate and found that he had been named for the Comptrollership of the Currency, his surprise very nearly overcame him.

Thereupon newspapers and Senators began to cry out and to urge Mr. Cleveland to withdraw the nomination, which, they said, was eminently unfit. But Mr. Cleveland knew his man, for he had studied him. Mr. Eckels had taken a prominent part in the campaign. He belongs to the school



THE LADIES' FOYER.



AUDITORIUM OF THEATRE.

of Democrats in Illinois who have followed William B. Morrison in his fight for tariff reform. He was known and respected in the Reform Club in this city for his accomplishments. Mr. Cleveland wanted somebody for the office who was a good lawyer, and that Mr. Eckels was, and he wanted a man of courage and determination, a man who would represent the government's interests in its dealings with the national banks. Mr. Eckels's appointment has fully justified the President's choice. He has dealt sternly with speculative institutions, but wisely and leniently with banks that have been conservatively managed. His promise of help to the Denver banks did a great deal to restore confidence—a confidence that ought to pervade the rest of the country. Mr. Eckels's breadth and wisdom in dealing with the present disturbed condition have surprised and delighted many of those who were most strongly opposed to his selection. Although he probably represented the government better than if he were a banker, like most of his predecessors, he is very far from treating the banks unfairly, and greatly pleased the officers of these institutions in New York by a speech which he recently made at a dinder given to him at the Union League Club by Mr. Hepburn, his immediate predecessor.

Mr. Eckels was born at Princeton, Illinois, in 1858, and was graduated at the Albany Law School in 1880. He was an intimate friend of the late E. K. Apgar, and thus became acquainted with Mr. Cleveland while the latter was Governor.

THE ROW IN THE COMMONS.

"There was a sound of rivalry by night."

It was in the House of Commons, and a Tory had the floor,
The rafters of the chamber with his eloquence did roar,
And, oh, he had a pretty wit, a wit so pretty that
Beside it that of London *Punch* seemed very stale and flat.

He talked not of the weather, and he chatted not of sport,
But such remarks as made T. P. O'Connor wildly snort,
Whereat T. P. observed, amid a lot of Irish grins,
It seemed to him that Joseph and old Judas must be twins.

That set the ball a-rolling; Mr. Healy then arose
And tapped a British Commoner upon his Roman nose,
Whereon a noble Tory, to the credit of his race,
Sent both his fists a-coursing into Mr. Healy's face.

Then sixteen members from the Isle let out a wild hurroo!
And twenty-seven Tories they proceeded then to "do."
They smashed them on the benches, and they tossed them to the sky;
The only thing they couldn't catch was Mr. Speaker's eye.

When every Tory nose was red, and every eye was blue,
When every Irish hat was smashed the scrimmagers got through,
And Mr. Gladstone, grand old man, in language fit and pat,
Called for the question previous, which was—"Where are we at?"

THE OLD INFANT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

School District Number Five, town of Dover, county of Livingston, was brimful of snow to-day, and the little wooden temple of learning in its centre, crouching and trembling upon old unreliable timbers, was surrounded by scores of drifts as white as bleached muslin and colder than shrouds. The wind was never satisfied with them, and, using a diligence not learned from the school within, constantly added to or subtracted from their quantity. The young lady with classical face and large brown eyes who conducted this elementary university wondered where Paul was to-day, wished she were rich, thought of a thousand fairy stories she would make come true in that inconceivable case, and asked little George W. Taylor to sacrifice another stick of wood to the interior of the stove.

"It's a-goin' to be one o' these new-fashioned blizzards, dad says," whispered the little boy, mysteriously, some fire from the open stove door blazing harmlessly in his red hair. "He's a-comin' arter us with the hosses an' sleigh at four o'clock." And the pale blue eyes shouted the words that the lips were refused, to the effect that a ride homeward toward supper, through the snow, was better than any amount of education. Miss Bertha Edwards reflected dolefully on the weeds in this young barbarian's pronunciation and the wild look in his eyes, and wondered if they would ever be replaced by the straight hedge-rows of correct English and steady looks. She couldn't help recalling what good English Paul used.

"C'n I speak?" inconsistently spoke out a large rawboned girl, who meant by this to ask if she might whisper to some one near her.

"Yes, if it is necessary," wearily replied the young teacher.

The girl decided that it was necessary, and immediately began gossiping about the weather, wondering if it would break up a projected neighborhood dance, in a series of loud hisses.

"C'n I leave m' seat?" whined a small, portly boy, first snapping his dirty finger to procure recognition.

"If it is necessary," crisply replied the girl teacher.

"C'n I get a drink?" inquired a thin, withered-looking lad.

"If you need it," answered the young lady, still more shortly. The withered young desert of a boy needed it, and began to irrigate himself slowly but thoroughly.

"Can I g' out?" chirped a small cross-eyed child in the corner.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the young girl, stamping her voice down with an emphasis that the scholars all understood perfectly well, though it was accompanied with a smile. "This epidemic of wanting to do useless things may as well be cured this minute. Scholars, let us throw ourselves into our studies!" (Miss Edwards used the first instead of the third person because she was a student herself, and loved to lead her scholars rather than to drive them.)

There was a forward-march magnetism in this maiden teacher's manner sometimes, and her smile could resemble that of a row of bright steel blades. The scholars now swayed to their books with considerable interest, and the intellectual status of the school was certainly somewhat advanced during the next five minutes. The pale tempest without kept rising higher and higher.

"Teacher, ther's some one a-knockin' at the door," cooed a bright-eyed little girl at last, from the midst of the study hush; and, in response to a courteous opening, entered a few hundred snowflakes, and a strange, rough-looking old man of sixty, whose hair and beard were drifts in themselves. He looked at this youthful teacher with keen, utterly uncovered curiosity and surprise.

"Be you re'lly the school-ma'am?" he at length asked, in a half-dazed tone.

"I am the teacher of this school," replied Miss Edwards, with a gentle but rather compact dignity, which loomed gracefully up, and cast something like the shadow of reproof. "Will you be seated, sir?"

The old man still stood by the large stove, resting a hairy, work-worn hand upon one of the desks near by. "An' you know the flumididdles that's in all these 'ere books, an' can l'arn 'em to other folks?"

The question, with all its crudeness, was so clean-mannered and respectfully put that the young lady smiled almost cordially. Something seemed to compel her to like this uncouth veteran in the world's never-ceasing campaign; at least, to approve of the real quality of thought and feeling that she felt was within him. The answering smile that his white beard and mustache had held in hiding crept out through a pair of sharp gray eyes.

"What I've come in for is just this 'ere," he resumed, in a low voice, though loud enough for the curious children all to hear him. "When I was a little chap o' the age o' these uns, it wa'n't fash'nable, you see, for poor folk's chil'ren to go to school. There was thirteen of us brought up, or sort o' yanked up, in one little log enclosure, with a leaky roof, four windows, an' a smokin' fireplace. When it come to gettin' on in life we all had to jump out o' the wagon an' help push 'most as soon as we considered ourselves able to run alone. The nearest school was five mile through the woods. Two or three out of us managed to run over a few times, an' grab up enough alferbet to l'arn how to read; one on us kep' studyin' at home from that, an' got so full of eddication he couldn't hold much else; wasn't worth a darn to do anything where the directions hadn't been all ready printed down. He's independently poor now, an' runs a small but desirable insurance business. So fur as I was concerned, I missed my chance; I never even went arter the alferbet, an' didn't hev it brought to me; so here I am workin' along torge the end o' life an' liable to go into the nex' world at any time without any book-l'arnin' to recommend me. You see, besides, school-ma'am, it ain't pleasant to feel that you went through yer pilgrimage an' left that out; an' I want my eddication now, even though some'at late in the day. I'm a-goin' to board at Shubal Turner's the rest of the winter, an' come to school, ef you will let me. It's a queer an' sort o' unknown thing fur to do, but I can't see any other way. I want to begin at the foot-hills, work up the gulch a little at a time, an' gather all there is in it as fur as I go. I b'lieve you can put me over the ground, ef the right flash in anybody's eye is a sign of caperbility. An' now, what do yer say to an old man as wants to give his brains a chance to begin life over agin?"

Poor Bertha hardly knew what to say. She was acquainted with several proverbs that stood dead against him, and hardly liked to quote them aloud. There was that one about the twig being bent and the tree inclined; that one which says "The boy is father to the man"; the German one which declares that "What young John doesn't learn old John never does"; also two or three others equally discouraging to elderly people with neglected educations to be put through the hot-house process. She tried hard to keep her eyes from telling the old man these doubts.

"I know just what you're a-sayin' to yerself inside," urged the old man, unconsciously proceeding to meet proverb with proverb; "but you must remember, 'Better late than never,' 'Perseverance can't al'ays be kep' on the back seat,' an' 'There's sweet meat under woolly sheepskins.' Besides, you see, school-ma'am, I never hed the sensation."

"The what?" inquired Miss Edwards, smiling more and more.

"The *sensation*, school-ma'am, of settin' in the school-house hour arter hour an' day arter day an' lookin' at the other boys an' gals, an' seein' on 'em read an' write an' spell, an' wishin' Saturday would come, an' cuttin' up with 'em, an' bein' told to 'tend to my lessons, an' goin' out at recess an' playin' with the rest of the scholars, an' then 'Come, come away, the school-bell now is ringin',' an' a-doin' ginerally jest what I wish I could ha' done when I was a boy. I don't expect, school-ma'am, that I'll *l'arn* so awful very much, but I'd like to know how to string letters together enough to hold a newspaper right side up an' git a holt of what new lies it's a-tellin' of. An' I'd be glad to find out, school-ma'am, how to write my name. But the biggest thing is, I want to be a school-boy—jest once in my life."

How many people there are, thought the young teacher, who would like to be school-boys *again;* but this poor old man just wanted it *for once*—wanted something he had no memory of, something that he had always yearned for. She pitied him, and determined to do everything possible in the matter.

The list of acquirements mentioned seemed at least within the boundaries of imagination; and the exceedingly old child was told to come next morning and take his first lesson in the course which he wished to begin, so late in the earthly existence.

His delight bordered too nearly on pathos to provoke even a smile from the deep-hearted school-teacher. There were almost tears in her eyes when she was bidding him good-night, after dismissing the genuine children, and then saw the white-haired man and would-be youth wade off through the snow.

II.

The next morning, amid starings from all the scholars, and hard-to-be-repressed titterings from the playful ones, the Old Infant, as he was immediately named by some of the more advanced young ladies, took a narrow hard seat at one of the larger desks, and began his studies. They were not very extensive, consisting mainly, at first, in the investigating and contemplating of that grand substructure of nineteenth-century lore, the Roman alphabet. The examination sustained in order to determine the class into which he should go was very brief. He freely and frankly admitted that ignorance was incarnated and intensified in his person.

"Of course I don't know nothin' of any account," was the way he put it. "If anybody knowed everything, what would they want ter come to school fur? I'm a-goin' to commence right down to the bed-rock, school-ma'am. I mean to stake out my claim to the alferbet this mornin'. Sling out yer a's, b's, d's, an' c's, an' look at me stick my brain-shovels inter 'em."

The "slinging out of the alferbet" was, upon the whole, a rather trying task to the young lady. She found that this roughly crystallized old nature was not inclined to accept everything told him as irrefragably true, like the callow superimpressible minds of those in their first infancy. The old gentleman's childishness proved to be of a metallic variety. For instance, he would look at her suspiciously when the names of the letters were announced, and ask her several times if that was true, now, an' if there wasn't no under-claim on it.

"You wouldn't gull an old man, would ye?" he would say, earnestly, laying his rough, hairy, weather-beaten, grizzly-bear-like paw upon her white ladylike hand. "If this yer is B," he would exclaim, pointing to the capital letter of that denomination and then referring to the small one of the same cognomen, "what is *this* little snide of a feller a-doin' a-prospectin' under the same name, with one of its ears clipped off? Did this big feller you call B hev a son nat'ral, or did he adopt him, or did it take his name without p'rmission?"

He particularly hated the small letter g, and evidently considered it a pure impostor. "Little shrugged-up thing!" he would say, leering at it through his steel-bowed spectacles. "Looks like a couple o' bad eggs with a wart on one of 'em." The small p and q also concerned him. "What does p git to be q fur the minute it turns its nose the other way?" he would ask. And so on, throughout the whole alphabet, he was constantly making criticisms that might have excited furious resentment in the mind of the inventor of the same.

These criticisms were funny at first, and caused Miss Edwards considerable solitary amusement; but they took time and too much of the attention of the scholars to make them finally desirable, or even safe to be allowed. One day the old gentleman was particularly fastidious concerning the architecture of some character, and the teacher was obliged to tell him that he was there not to criticise the letters, but to learn them.

"Right agin, teacher," he replied, just the least bit of a hurt look in his eyes. "I was a-goin' outside o' my claim. Trounce me ef I don't do the right thing." And from that moment the permanency and inviolability of the Roman alphabet was re-established, and the Old Infant accepted every letter as if it were a law of the Medes and Persians.

He began, after a little time, to read words, having first learned the letters; for John Russell Webb's invention of the word method had not at that time swept over the country. He was, after a while, able to participate in the mildly interesting fact that the cat would, in all probability, catch the rat, that a large boy had a small black coat, that the girl could eat the ripe pear with her sharp teeth, and in other matters of juvenile gossip, which, while received with gratitude, were rather disappointing on the whole. "Why can't ye put me on to somethin' about the old times in '49 an' arter," he used to say, "when we used to fight grizzlies, an' snowdrifts, an' famine, an' earthquakes, an' robbers, an' almost everything else anybody could take a hankerin' ag'inst? Why can't we read some grown-up stuff, school-ma'am?"

It was hard to make him understand the impossibility of immediately scaling the heights of literature with the alpenstock of this newly acquired alphabet; but at last he reluctantly realized the situation, and consented to toil along slowly toward the far-off mountain-top.

The attitude of his fellow-pupils was at first one of amusement, and, in some cases, of derision, toward this queer old man who had come among them so queerly; but as soon as the novelty wore off they settled down to a quiet, every-day contemplation of him. Besides, it came to be the fashion to like him. He was so patient with everybody—so loving, even—joined them so heartily and skilfully in all their games and romps, so fraternized with the boys and was so fatherly toward the girls, that he was soon voted a hale old fellow well met, in that quiet election which always takes place in every crowd toward a new-comer. He quickly became renowned as a repairer of rough country toys; he could carry small children through the drifts, and snowball amiably with larger ones; he was useful, if not particularly ornamental, nearly everywhere, and finally became the most popular "boy" in school.

The Old Infant's delight at listening to the recitations was funny and pathetic. He soon joined the class in mental arithmetic, and gave the scholars a genuine surprise with the fact that he could "reckon in his head" better than all of them put together when it came to dollars and cents; he remembered many of the places on the maps, and became a great "traveller by p'inter," as he called himself; but grammar he would have nothing of, and soon withdrew his attention entirely from the subject. "I can't see why you want to call one word by any longer name than another," he grumbled, good-naturedly. "What's the use o' standin' of 'em off into different companies, as if they wasn't all free an' equal, same as men ort to be? I don't see, nohow, but what I kin speak proper enough fur all practical purposes, without no grammar in mine. I don't think, school-ma'am, I'll take that 'ere study up." And feeling more mirth than her whole internal nature knew what to do with, the young teacher consented to let him pursue his studies on the elective system.

The Infant's first efforts in penmanship furnished the school with material for many thrilling tales of accident and adventure. He smashed dozens of steel pens in trying to get the right dynamics upon them, with a rapidity that would have caused thrifty Joseph Gillott to rub his hands in pleasure. While tracing the letters with his pen he described imaginary characters in the air with his tongue; he precipitated small freshets of ink in the vicinity of his desk until the immediate environment was dressed in a full suit of mourning. He finally learned to write his name in quaint fragments, and a few other words; but it was evident that he was never to become an accomplished pen artist.

"Ye see, school-ma'am," he would say at the conclusion of some peculiarly startling chirographic disaster, "I didn't git arter this ink-talkin' quite soon enough. It's a kind o' trade in itself, an' any one can't pick up so very many of them avercations in a lifetime unless he begins mighty young."

During recess and noons the two had occasionally some very lively discussions on the value or worthlessness of education. To her surprise, the young lady found that the old man, at one time and another, had gathered up quite a good many arguments against systematic culture.

"Eddication gives yer nat'ral rascal a p'int, an edge, an' a handle," he said one day. "It l'arns a forger how to write a name so's the man as owns it can't swear but what he done it himself. It helps a thief to sneak his way into society an' steal 'em blind—as ef they wasn't blind enough already. It shows a liar how to twist words 'round an' cover himself all over with truth-skin. It makes good honest laborin' fellers feel all at once as ef their heads was too big to let 'em toil with their han's. It's taken many a good honest chap an' made him so lazy he wasn't never good for nothin' arterwards."

"You have forgotten the good that education has done," remonstrated Bertha. "You forget the sermons it has preached, the wounds it has healed, the discoveries it has made, the sick it has ministered to, the good it has done everywhere."

And then the old gentleman would sit back and look at her in perfect admiration. "Yes, you kin block me out in a holy second, school-ma'am," he would say. "But arguin' in that sort o' way is a sand-blower that eddicated folks has invented to blind our eyes an' make things seem different from what they really be. Still, *I* don't think that I shall ever git enough eddication to hurt *me;* an' you wouldn't be afraid of it, either, if you was me—would ye now, teacher?" And then the two would laugh a duet, like comrades of a lifetime.

But the Infant made considerable progress of one kind or another, and he certainly learned one lesson that few of Miss Edwards's pupils missed, and that was to love his teacher. He asked her to stay and talk with him a few minutes one evening not many weeks before the close of the term. He was not long in satisfying her curiosity as to the nature of the interview.

"School-ma'am," he said, looking toward a nail in the floor modestly but determinedly, "I ain't quite so young as you be, but I've got a consider'ble life in me yet. They ain't very many o' these young fellers in the school that would like to take a back holt with me this evenin'. I'm good for quite a lot o' years if nothin' happens too sudden, an' I believe I cud make you a good husban', if you'd jest take the trouble to say yes."

The poor old fellow had thrown himself on his knees, to Miss Edwards's half-pity, half-dismay. How could he so have misunderstood her kindness—how could he have the heart to take advantage of it? She had a mind to rush away without a word and never speak to him again. But an accidental look into his good-natured, shrewdly simple old face half amused and half placated her. To be diverted by one whom we at first dislike very often opens the door of our sympathies. It was so with this good-hearted girl. She took the man's old withered, scarred-up hand in her white palm and said, kindly,

"You must excuse me, for I—I—am—engaged."

"But s'posin' you *wasn't* engaged?" persisted the old man, with a desperate twang to his words. "S'posin' you never hadn't been in love with no one, would you have hed me then?"

"Well, you know, our ages are too far apart," began the girl, withdrawing the hand suddenly.

"But s'posin' they hedn't been?" persisted the old man. "S'posin', fur instance, I was as young as you be, or you wuz old, like me—do you think, school-ma'am, that in that case we'd hev been able to strike up a match?"

"I—I don't think our aims in life are sufficiently similar," faltered the poor girl; "not near enough together to allow us to agree."

"Still, s'posin' that they *wuz?*" persisted the old man. "S'posin' we wuz both in the same business—both right at it together—don't you think we could make a go of it then?"

"I—don't—don't—think—we ever could be congenial," stumbled the young lady. She would never desert her true love, even hypothetically.

"But s'posin'—" began the old man.

"I tell you I never would have married you on any account!" almost shouted the girl, rising, and stamping her foot on the dusty school-room floor. "And if you ever say anything more to me about it, I'll not speak to you again, and I'll—I'll—*turn you out of school!*"

To her surprise the old gentleman looked delighted. He rose from his knees and gazed at her admiringly.

"You're a nice honest girl," he exclaimed, "an' I respect you more than ever. Ef you'd ha' tried to beat about the bush, I shouldn't ha' held you half as high. But this is good, straightfor'ard, thunder-an'-lightnin' talk, an' I honor it. An' you've give me another new sensation, school-ma'am—one that I've been wantin' ever since I got to be a man."

"A new sensation?" inquired the teacher, who was beginning to feel freer and safer with him again.

"The sensation of proposin' to a gal in reg'lar style, an' o' bein' accepted or rejected the same as any one on my own merits," replied the old man, cheerfully and enthusiastically. "I'm refused, straight an' square, without any ifs or an's about it, an' that's the second-best thing to bein' accepted, an' it's consid'ble of a circumstance in the life of an old bachelor that never hed the pluck to propose to a gal before. Now, I s'pose the next thing in order is fur you to tell me that you'll be my sister, ain't it?"

"Your granddaughter, you mean," replied the girl, with the shadow of a touch of good-natured malice. She had not quite forgiven him for proposing to her.

"Gran'daughter it is!" replied the old man. "An' ef I don't make one of the best ancestors in your hull pedegree, then I'll go out o' the patriarch business entirely; an' I'm nothin', only an amateur, either. You've been straightfor'ard an' kind to me, my girl—a newish sort o' kind—an' it ain't a part o' this old man's programme to forgit anything that's happened to him in the right shape."

He said this with as pompous an air as if he were the owner of sundry millions instead of a poor half-ragged old creature, the terminus of whose life could not be far away.

It was not many hours before he demonstrated that he needed help rather than possessed the power of bestowing it. He was absent from school one, two, three days, and sent for the young teacher.

She found him in bed in a dreary room at Shubal Turner's, and very sick with what would nowadays be called the pneumonia.

"You wasn't a-goin' to let the old man die all alone, not on no account, was you now, school-ma'am?" he murmured, feebly. "You hev been the head boss of the best home for aged people I ever struck, little girl. Jest as if any one was tryin' to travel arter night overtook 'em on a bad road through the mountains, an' he hed a great temptation to lay down an' leave gittin' along to take keer of itself; then, you see, s'posin' he come to a pleasant little cottage where there was a light, an' he crep' up an' peaked through the window an' seed everythin' cozy an' comfortable, an' a blessed angel in there a-comin' to the door to let him in, as if she was a-expectin' of him?"

"Now, that will do," interrupted the young lady, laughing, and taking one of his hands in hers, "or, rather, it *won't* do. You must not think too much about angels, especially in connection with me. I'm unmitigatedly human, am no seraph, and feel afraid sometimes that I never will be one."

"You're a hundred times as much of an angel as I be of a scholar," groaned the old man, and turned wearily toward the wall. Then he seemed to doze for a little while, but soon awoke, pressed the white hand that still lay in his weak grasp, and said: "How's things up to the school? Is the alferbet all right yet? Does the Avery yo'ng 'uns hev as much trouble as ever a-doin' sums in their heads? An' how's Gerty Tompkins, the little gal that used to help me assay them long words? My! but that 'ere word 'thought' was an unmerciful hard one, school-ma'am. Wasn't it? T-h-u-o-g-t-h, thought," he said, in a tone as if his spelling were a perfect triumph of correctness. "An' then there was 'through'—a good deal like the other; I couldn't hardly ever tell them two words apart. T-h-r-u-o-g-h, through. I declare, school-ma'am, I picked up a lot while I was in your l'arnin'-camp. By George, it seems sometimes as if my ol' head would bust a-tryin' fur to hold it all."

"You must go to sleep now," interrupted the young teacher, with tears in her voice.

"Yes, I know," replied the poor old man, meekly—"ef I can. It's al'ays a tip-top good thing ef any one kin sleep betwixt troubles." He closed his eyes wearily, and was soon wandering among the many pasts that he had known, some of which existed a full generation before Miss Edwards's infancy. "It's a-goin' to be a cold day to-morrer," he muttered, almost under his breath, "an' there's hardly anythin' in the house to eat. I didn't know it, or I'd ha' got home sooner. I've been to work hard all the week in Whitney's saw-mill, but I'm up to a night's hunt yet. Jest you see ef I don't lug home a deer in the mornin'. Don't you be a-scoldin' on him now, mother, fur puttin' of his time on books. One cain't sling their brains an' muscle at the same time.

"I spect you'll be the makin' of us all, brother, along o' your eddication. You jest go ahead an' scoop it in, an' we'll stay by ye, an' pay your expenses till ye kin stan' on yer feet. No! I'll wait back till you've got through; I don't believe in more'n one dippin' in at a time. We might git the fountains of l'arnin' kind o' muddy ef we riled 'em too much. . . . . .

"Don't you cry, mammy. Now, I tell you things is a-goin' to be brighter. You'll hear from me every week, jest as sure as I kin arn the postage fur to send a letter—an' you're goin' to find somethin' in it more than 'I am well, an' hope these few lines will find you in the same condition.' There'll be some money in it—half of everything I earn is a-comin' to you—an' more, too, ef you need it. An' it won't be many years afore I'll git home to ye—sort o' new-fashioned prodigal son—gold-dust jest a-oozin' out o' my pockets—an' half on it fur you—an' all on it, ef you want it! . : . .

"D—— you, stan' back! Did you think you was goin' to rob him? He's sick, an' down, an' in trouble, but he's got one man that'll stay by him till he gits well an' has strength to speak fur himself. Back, you dogs—I've got the drop on ye, an' I'll stir you up lively ef you try any of your dodges on me! . . . .

"Injuns! Injuns! Slide back here, Dan! They're a-comin'! We're good fur five o' the red devils apiece— . . .

"Don't you go to thankin' nobody, madame, excep' God. Ef I've been able to do anything fur the childr'n, He put it into my heart—He an' an angel that's keepin' school up in Dover township— . . . .

"No—the Lord ain't a-goin' to let me die lonesome an' alone—He never wants anybody to do that. I've got a gran'daughter—an' adopted gran'daughter—an' she's on my side. I 'ain't got any chil'ren to wait fur when I git over the divide, but I shall keep a lookout fur that adopted gran'daughter. She ain't the kind that forgits, an' she'll remember me all the way through the grave. She—"

She held her best pupil's hard and rugged hand until he was dead.

III.

The next afternoon a plain, seedy-looking individual, dressed in faded black, called upon Miss Edwards.

"I want to talk with you about my brother," he said. "He died yesterday. Have you any idea how much he was worth?"

Miss Edwards made no answer, not possessing any information concerning his finances.

"Something over half a million of dollars," continued the man in faded black, answering his own question. "He made it in mining. He was one of the old gold-seekers of 1849. He knew how to take care of his monetary interests, and possessed, indubitably, his own *modus operandi* of enjoying them. I owe it to my deceased brother, madam, to say that he was always more than disposed to render me as much financial assistance as it would be compatible with my dignity to accept. It is among my capabilities, I am happy to say, to achieve a fair though comparatively inconsiderable stipend from the—ah—the—ah—the—insurance business."

So this was the learned brother who had captured all the erudition of the family, and was now "independently poor."

"He left," continued the man in faded black, "over half a million dollars, well invested and constantly increasing. And have you seen his will?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Edwards, very quietly and distinctly. What had she to do with his will?

"Nor had anything communicated to you concerning it?" persisted the man of erudition.

"Nothing whatever," repeated the young lady. "I do not think any one in this neighborhood knew that he was worth a dollar in—in money." A thought of the old man's real mental and moral value came to her mind, and two unshed tears hung their electric lights in her eyes.

"You are evidently a young lady of most unimpeachable integrity and indisputable depth of feeling," remarked the learned brother. "I am glad to make the following announcement: Nine-tenths of all that property was left to you in his testamentary deposition."

A magnetic shock thrilled the young lady from head to toe. Nine-tenths of a half-million dollars! Oh, what a dream—what a great, grand, glorious thought! Jack could go to college now, Ethel could paint in Italy, the twins could be given a thorough education from the start, and—and—Paul's parents need not reproach him any more for loving a girl that had the bad taste to be born poor. The dream, however, soon rushed away to join other and older ones.

"Of course I cannot accept it," she said, quietly but firmly.

"Of course you will, though," as quietly and firmly replied the other, with a startling descent to monosyllables.

Miss Edwards felt like ejaculating "Sir!" as girls do in English plays when gentlemen are impertinent to them; but she held her peace (meaning her tongue) and her temper with it.

"I am the only relative who has not as yet shuffled off this mortal coil," resumed the learned man. "I have never contracted any matrimonial encumbrances, and have no use for the money. I could not manipulate it if possessed of it, and am perfectly competent to live well the remainder of my life on fifty thousand dollars. If you do not receive the property, it will revert to the State. You are young, and can no doubt do a great deal of good with it."

"But why should he leave it to me?" persisted the young lady.

"He mentions a number of reasons in his testamentary deposition," replied the other, "all replete with assertions that are exceedingly complimentary and creditable to you. His chief and most frequently reiterated reason appears to be that you were the sweetest woman he had ever found, who could at once be kind and dignified to him. He had led a rough, adventurous life, in frontier towns and mining camps; had seen very few women, and he used to say you redeemed the whole sex for him. You seem to have made the last winter of my brother's discontented life the most glorious summer he had ever found. You must take the money."

"But who wrote the will for him?" inquired the young lady.

"I am happy to say," replied the bachelor, somewhat proudly, "that I achieved that somewhat arduous task myself. And I may also add that I flatter myself it was very fairly done, and will hold."

"And you signed his name for him?" she asked.

"Oh no, not at all!" replied the other. "He could write his name very well—thanks to the instructions he had received during the past winter."

The young lady blushed. "Do you suppose I had any idea what he would do with his signature?" she exclaimed.

"Certainly not," replied the bachelor. "Kindly do not suppose, because I am a poor man and a well-educated one at the same time, that I am a fool. He told me all about you. You are the first one who ever convinced him that education was a blessing. I had tried for years to do this; and I will admit that I was a poor sample. He went into your school first as an amusement; he remained to see what he had missed throughout his life. Yes, young lady, the money is justly and indubitably yours, and you must accept it."

And Miss Bertha firmly asserted that she would not; and then spent the whole night trying to decide whether she would.

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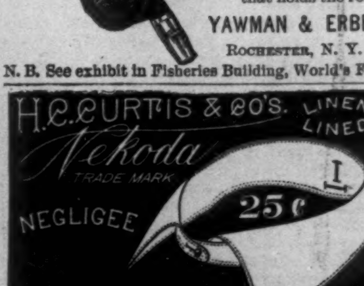

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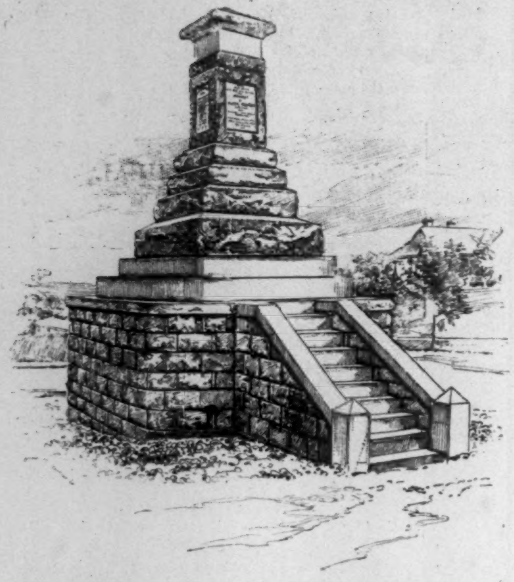


THE WOUNDED KNEE MONUMENT.

BY JOHN C. GRESHAM,

Captain Seventh Cavalry, U.S.A.

The formidable insurrection of the Sioux received its death-blow at Wounded Knee and Drexel Mission, South Dakota, on the 29th and 30th December, 1890. Till then the early advent of the Messiah was confidently expected, and the ghost shirt was deemed a potent talesman against which nothing could prevail. But on these memorable days, though treachery was added to superstition, the fall of one hundred and fifty warriors dispelled all illusion. The mantle of Sitting-Bull had fallen on his friend Big Foot, a wily and capable chief, who had greatly distinguished himself in many barbarities, and won renown in 1876 at the massacre of Custer and the Seventh Cavalry. Trusted and admired by the young men, and by the lawless and desperate portion of his warlike race, he was well fitted to lead in the supreme effort about to be made for the redemption of the red man.

Having destroyed all property that was not actually needed on the march, he left his agency on the Cheyenne, resolved to join the hostiles in the Bad Lands near Pine Ridge. His band included 120 well-armed warriors. They were armed with Winchester rifles, and had abundance of ammunition. On the day of the fight most of the men and many of the women wore belts filled with cartridges. His march was ably conducted. When captured by the Eighth Cavalry under Colonel Sumner, the subtle savage made every profession of friendship, and seemed ready to do all that the most exacting captor could desire. But in the first night he quietly stole away and left no trace by which he could be pursued or discovered. To intercept him was a matter of grave importance, and liberal rewards for information as to his movements were offered by the people, by the military authorities, and by the press. On the 26th of December, 1890, Whitside's squadron of the Seventh Cavalry was sent to scout for Big Foot, and on the 28th found and captured the entire band only twenty miles from the agency. Our orders required us to disarm or to destroy them. While Forsyth was making every effort peaceably to secure their arms, the bloody catastrophe at Wounded Knee was precipitated by their superstition and treachery. The annihilation of these fanatics aroused great indignation, and subjected us to loud censure, while our maimed and dead, nearly seventy in number, were thought by some to excite little notice or sympathy.

The following day Forsyth received orders to scout in the direction of the hostile camp, and while performing this duty was attacked by six hundred or more Indians. Though largely outnumbered, we demonstrated to the savages a second time the vanity of their illusions. This occurred near the Catholic establishment called Drexel Mission. The remains of most of our dead still rest in the treeless, homely little Indian cemetery at Pine Ridge, where we laid them on a stormy day of biting winds and rapidly falling snow. We wore heavy overcoats, and were heavily armed and equipped in preparation for a possible attack which might come before our sad duty was done.

As full accounts of all these events appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY and the daily papers of that time, and are now part of history, we may dismiss their further consideration and turn to the sequel, which occurred at Fort Riley, Kansas. Tuesday the 25th July, 1893, was a gala-day with us. All duty was suspended, so that nothing might interfere with the interesting exercises appointed to take place. The neighboring town of Junction City closed its stores and came over to assist us. Thousands of people from other places thronged the avenues of the post, and there were many persons of note among the visitors.

The entire garrison, consisting of eight troops of cavalry, three batteries of artillery, the Seventh Cavalry Band, and the medical department—more than 700 men—were drawn up in full dress, and by their fine appearance and soldierly bearing added "pomp and circumstance" to the occasion. The Hon. Mr. Burton of Kansas delivered an eloquent oration, at the conclusion of which the veil fell from a massive and handsome monument. Instantly a mighty shout, deafening and prolonged, went up from the vast multitude, the cavalry presented arms, and each of the batteries fired in succession a salvo of three volleys.

The foundation, of Kansas limestone, is surmounted by four bases, the die, the plinth, and the cap, all of New England granite, and rising to the height of twenty-five feet. The die of Quincy granite has four panels, which are highly polished to receive the inscriptions. The cap is pyramidal, and, like the visible portions of the bases and the plinth, is axed. On the first face are the following words:

"To the soldiers who were killed in battle with Sioux Indians at Wounded Knee and Drexel Mission, South Dakota, December 29 and 30, 1890. Erected as a tribute of affection by their comrades of the Medical Department and Seventh Cavalry, U. S. Army."

The other three panels are filled with the names of the dead. Including those of Captain George D. Wallace and Lieutenant James D. Mann, there are thirty-six names.

SEVENTH CAVALRY.

Sergeant-Major R. W. Corwine.

TROOP A.—Sergeants Alvin H. Haselwood, Arthur C. Dyer. Saddler Henry Frey. Privates Herman Granberg, George Johnson, Michael Regan, James Logan.

TROOP B.—First Sergeant Dora S. Coffey. Corporals Harry R. Forrest, Charles H. Newell. Privates William S. Mezo, John Costello, Ralph L. Cook, Harry Stone.

TROOP C.—Private Jan DeVreede.

TROOP D.—Private Frank E. Reinecky.

TROOP E.—Sergeant Robert H. Nettles. Private August Kellner.

TROOP G.—Private D. Franceschetti.

TROOP I.—Sergeant Henry Howard. Corporal Albert S Bone. Blacksmith Gustav Korn. Privates Bernhard Zehnder, Pierce Cummings, James E. Kelley, Daniel Twohig.

TROOP K.—Captain George D. Wallace. First Lieutenant James D. Mann. Sergeant William F. Hodges. Privates Philip Schwenkey, William F. McClintock, George Elliott, William Adams, Joseph Murphy, John McCue.

HOSPITAL CORPS.

Hospital Steward Oscar Pollak.

THE BRIGHTER DAY.

WE sailed amid the pouring rain all day,
  While Mother Carey's chickens flew behind.
The clouds, which hovered low, were dull and gray,
  Like to the sea, and scarce a breath of wind
Filled out the heavy sail which flapping swung.
  The ship scarce moved across the silent sea,
And from the mast's high head the pennant hung
  Bereft of life—a thing of misery.

The clouds grew darker as the day passed on—
  Despair and darkness seemed to be the goal
To which we sailed—till from the setting sun
  A ray of light across the waters stole,
And then a thousand rays broke forth and turned
  Each drop of rain into a gem of light.
A sea of gold the western ocean burned,
  And backward fell the forces of the night.

All things were changed at once—where sea and sky
  To eastward met there spread a purple glow.
A rosy canopy was set on high,
  But where the flaming sun was setting low
There sprang fair castles from the stretch of sea,
  Fired at each point—lit with the brightest beams—
And touched with that delicious mystery
  That wakes to life the poet's twilight dreams.

The rain still fell, but, stretched from south to north,
  A double rainbow cheered the sailor's thought.
We watched the light of day go slowly forth,
  While night came on, but in our hearts was wrought
A blessed change. The dreary darkness failed
  To bring despair. Sweet Hope held gentle sway.
The night must end, and confident we sailed,
  Glad in the promise of the brighter day.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE is a contemporary Turpin who promises to make the famous name he bears an ambiguous patronymic. He is the inventor of melinite, and the fact that he has lately languished in a French prison under unjust conviction of selling his invention out of France argues strongly for the belief that for war purposes melinite has value. But he says that while in durance he invented a new electric war machine of such power that an ordinary merchant vessel armed with one of them will be more than a match for any iron clad. This machine can be discharged four times in an hour. At each discharge it throws 25,000 projectiles, so dispersed as to cover some twenty square miles, and devised to kill at three miles distance. Neither forts nor armor will offer any effectual resistance to M. Turpin's missiles when his machine is perfected. He is evidently the man civilization is waiting for, since it only needs such a machine as he has planned to make war too absurdly destructive to be tolerated.

Another thing that may have the same effect will be the perfection of flying-machines. Once the air is navigable by a contrivance that will carry a reasonable weight, dynamite bombs can be so opportunely dropped as to destroy the comfort of people living in forts. But, somehow, flying-machines still hesitate to fly. Mr. Joseph Foster, of Salem, tried his the other day, but it merely flopped; nor has there been any recent news of a hopeful character about the air-boat that was rumored to be in the course of construction in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Invention also keeps busy with the allied problem of submarine navigation, and in that field the prospects are more hopeful, two species of diving-boats being actually under investigation by the Navy Department. Serious consideration of a war-vessel that is intended to be navigated with men in it under water seems an amazing thing, but good money has been spent and lives lost on such attempts before now, and some practical results have been reached. The submarine-ship man has the advantage of the air-boat inventor in that the easiest end of his problem is the one nearest to him. He must make a ship that will go down and come up again, and as he usually can construct a vessel that will go down, he feels when he has got that far that he has made progress. But the air-boat man must first make his contrivance go up, and at that he sticks. If he could once get it up, it is quite possible that it would come down in a way that would give him real hopefulness; but as it is, having the hard end of his job to do first, he suffers from a dearth of encouraging symptoms.

It does not prove a man to be dishonest that his summer hotel burns down well insured even late in the fall or in a bad season. If he had not insured it, it would show him to be a careless proprietor. If it were generally unprofitable to insure summer hotels, the underwriters would not do it. And yet when the average newspaper reader sees that a summer hotel has burned, the only question that suggests itself in the matter is whether the owner was a "firebug" or merely a very lucky man. He should take notice that often it is a serious misfortune to the owner of a summer hotel to have his property burned up. The Glen House, for example, in the White Mountains, burned the other day amid the lamentations of all New England, and got real obituary notices in the newspapers.

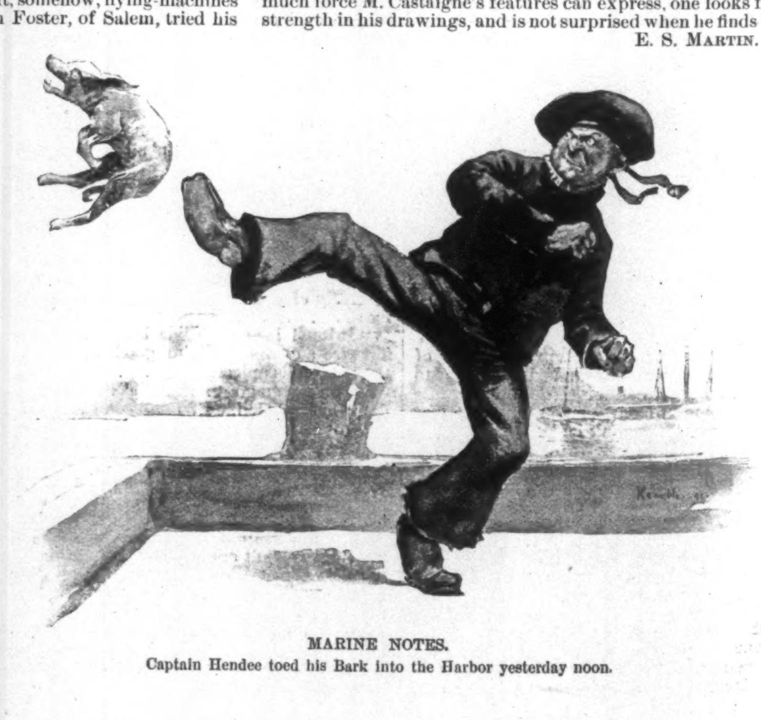
The bicyclist's stoop (kyphoris bicyclistanum) seems to be practically confined to boys. Girls ride bicycles more and more, but for some reason they do not find it necessary to hunch their shoulders forward and double themselves over the handles of their machines. Perhaps that is because they are vainer than the boys and care more how they look. Perhaps it is merely because they have more sense. Perhaps there is another reason still, and the mothers of stooping cyclists might correct their youngsters' deformity by putting them into corsets.

One of the felicities that the summer season offers in exceptional measure is the happiness of watching fine people without the obligation of talking up to the standard of their appearance. By rights there should be a correspondence between the outside and what is within, and people who are brave in raiment and splendid in equipage and surroundings should be coruscative in their gayety and dazzling in their wit. The obligation to be so is recognized to some extent, and is at the bottom of the common experience of putting on one's best manners with one's best clothes. Very considerable, therefore, is the luxury of being a plain person at a fashionable watering-place, where one may think one's ordinary thoughts and talk commonplace chat, and be enlivened without personal exertion by the fine plumage and high spirits of one's fellows. The ideal watering-place for many toil-worn minds is not so much one where there is absolute quiet, as where the wheels are kept energetically spinning by enthusiastic volunteers without imposing any obligation on an indisposed person to lend a hand at the crank.

Young gentlemen who intend to compete for the prizes offered by Mr. James Gordon Bennett for the best political "leaders" written by college undergraduates may do worse than to preserve in their scrap-books for study and reference the occasional remarks of the New York *Sun* on politics in Massachusetts. The Bay State being sufficiently remote to be a safe plaything for the *Sun*, that contemporary toys with its affairs with a gayety and unfettered intelligence which occasionally yield results that are sincerely pleasing. In composing political "leaders" for newspapers it is of importance, first, to say something; second, to say it so that it will be read. If any aspirant for Mr. Bennett's prizes finds that he cannot do both of these desirable things, let him concentrate his energies on the second one. To say nothing in particular may seem hardly worth while, but from the newspaper point of view it is vastly better to say nothing to somebody than to say something to nobody. A newspaper that is published every day in the year is sure to have some dull days and some waiting days on which the man who can say nothing in particular about politics, and say it with such wisdom and grace that it is worth reading, gets ample opportunity to earn his pay. Political silence is oftentimes too invaluably golden to be marred by the alloy of actual speech, but dead silence in any company is embarrassing, and to temper it with an appearance of talk that occupies the ear without leaving any sediment in the mind is a useful sort of jugglery by which, if nothing better offers, a pen-and-ink living may sometimes be earned.

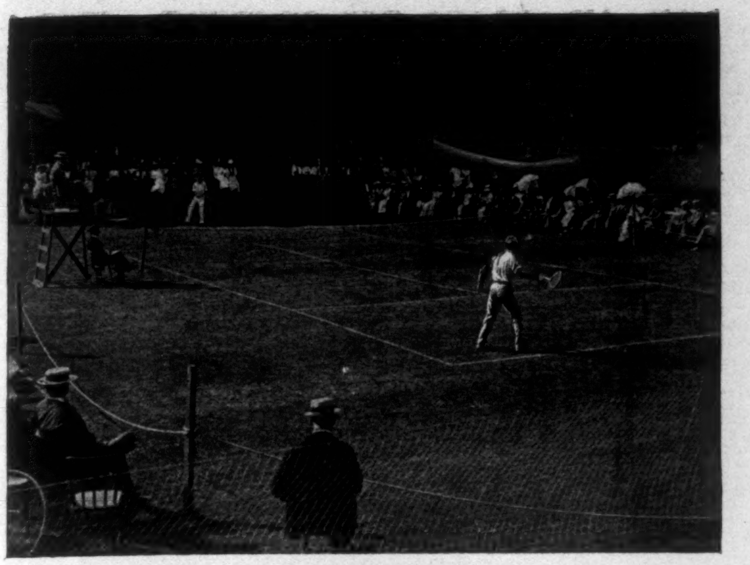
If M. André Castaigne is not a bad man to meet in a back street on a dark night, the picture of him in a recent *Critic* does him injustice. Undoubtedly the fact is that he is a good man to have along on a dark night in an unruly neighborhood. His Baltimore pupil who has sketched him in charcoal gives him the air of a man fit to sit down before kings or to stand up to hotel clerks. That is, an imposing air, and grim as it is in the picture, it is becoming. After seeing how much force M. Castaigne's features can express, one looks for strength in his drawings, and is not surprised when he finds it.

E. S. MARTIN.

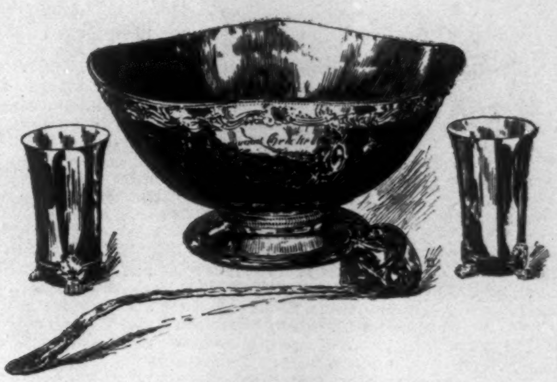


MARINE NOTES.

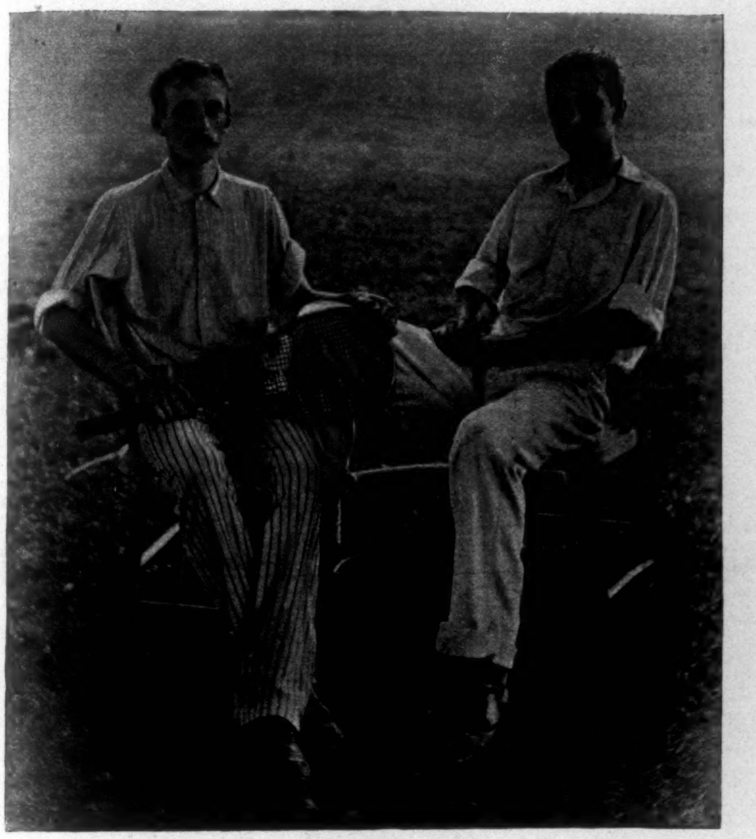
Captain Hendee toed his Bark into the Harbor yesterday noon.



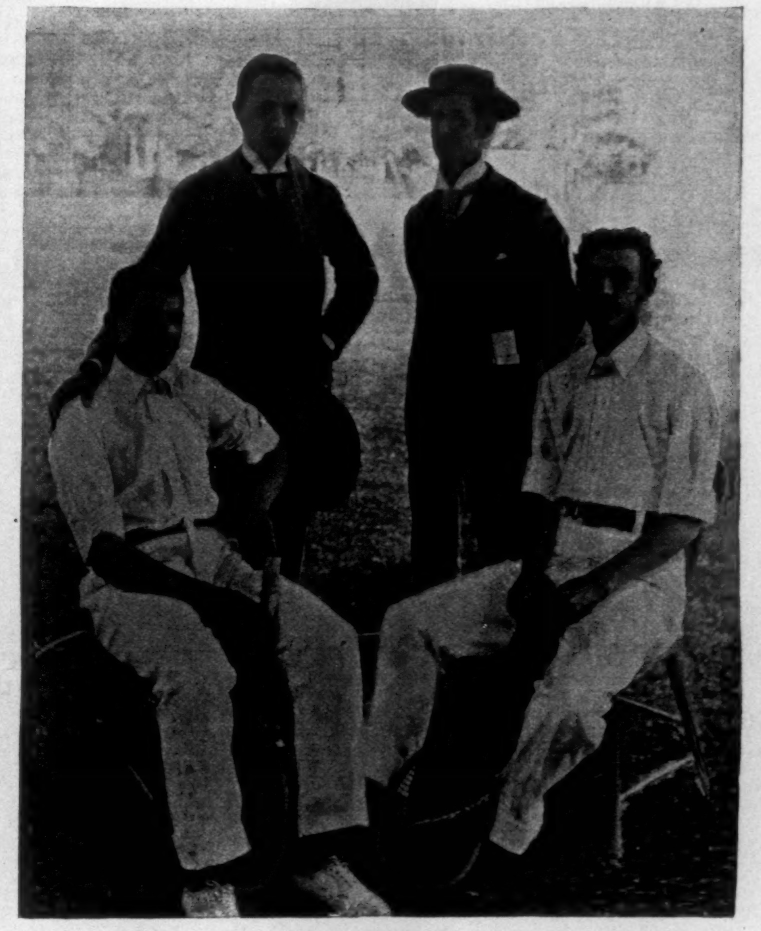
THE LONGWOOD COURTS—THE STEVENS-CHACE MATCH.
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.



LONGWOOD CHALLENGE BOWL.
To become the property of the player winning it for three (not necessarily consecutive) years.
Winners: E. L. Hall, 1891; F. H. Hovey, 1892 and 1893.
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.



RICHARD STEVENS. MALCOLM CHACE.
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.



F. H. HOVEY. V. G. HALL. J. T. WHITTELSEY. CLARENCE HOBART.
From a Photograph by the Art Publishing Company, Boston.

AMATEVR - SPORT

Nothing has occurred on the tennis-courts the past week to change whatever lines had been formed on the games of the leading players in singles. The National doubles championship held at Chicago was the most successful in point of attendance and spirited play of any ever given. Heretofore this event has been altogether an incidental feature, and especially at Newport, where it has come to be regarded as an anticlimax. It was wise, therefore, for the National Association officials to choose Chicago as the site for this year, and the event has gone off with an éclat it never attained elsewhere. It would be to the best interest of lawn-tennis if the championship in doubles were always to be decided at another place and on another date than those of Newport and the latter part of August. As it is, the Newport tournament is dragged out two days longer than it should be. One week should be sufficient time for the event, and if it is not with the present accommodations, some new courts could be made on the abundant space inside the Casino enclosure. As it is, it no doubt suits the people who spend the season at Newport, but they are as one in ten compared to the great numbers who make other resorts than Newport their summer abiding-place. These should have consideration from the Association when its officials are arranging the details of the tournament. The hold of lawn-tennis on the public is none too secure now, and to strengthen its position and widen interest in this National championship ought to recommend itself to those upon whose judgment its future must be directed.

In none of the tournaments the last seven days has there been a match to change the complexion of the tennis outlook. Hobart and Hovey defeated the Californians, Taylor and Tobin, with such ease that it proves the Eastern game to be much faster than the Western. No match in singles of any significance whatever was played, the nearest approach to it being that at New Castle, New Hampshire, between Malcolm Chace and R. D. Wrenn, which was as likely to go to one as to the other, for these two are pretty well mated, and neither can yet be regarded as an upsetting element in the Newport tournament, notwithstanding the fact that Wrenn last year won from W. P. Knapp, after one of the longest matches on record, and that it took full five sets for Knapp to win from Chace.

Taking, then, the results of the Saratoga and Longwood tournaments, there does not seem to be any one strong enough to keep Clarence Hobart from winning the All Comers at Newport and—by default—the championship of the United States. This year, as once before, when R. D. Sears, after holding the championship for seven years, defaulted in 1888 to H. W. Slocum, Jun., the holder will not defend his title. Mr. Campbell is wise to retire while he is yet unbeaten, and at a time, too, when every one of the leading players has been defeated by him at one time or another. It is folly for any man to attempt to play against such experts as Hobart and Hovey unless he is in a position to train and keep up his practice. Campbell is now in business, and so situated as to make steady practice an impossibility. He would be foolish indeed to attempt to defend his title unless he were in condition good enough for him to do himself justice.

Knapp seems the man likely to give Hobart the hardest tussle for the All Comers should he happen to stay in the tournament that long. But he has so often been the victim of hard luck, and his game depends so much on condition, that his chances of reaching the last round are dubious. His game is probably dreaded by Hobart more than any other; for while he is not brilliant, and while Hobart beat him at Saratoga, Knapp's persistency and tireless play always invest the match with a decided element of uncertainty. None of the others could play the kind of game Knapp does and do better than second-rate work, but Knapp manages to get enough out of it to keep the very best continuously on the anxious seat. Endurance and steady play, with skill that is no more advanced than that of any one of the first ten players, combine to make his game a hard one.

Hovey, who is by far the most brilliant player on the court, is always at a disadvantage in playing Hobart, and for several good reasons. First of all, the New-Yorker has beaten him so often that Hovey probably goes into every match with a sneaking notion that he is going to be defeated, and that has a lot to do with a man's play. Then as a matter of fact, too, Hobart, besides having the confidence of many victories over Hovey, has studied the Harvard player's game so thoroughly that he knows very well how to handle him. At their top form I should say Hobart would win from Hovey four times out of five. Hovey would also be at a disadvantage against Knapp, whose untiring steady play is just the kind to worry and make him unsteady. He would not be able to do his best, and though his game is infinitely more brilliant and more skilful, he lacks steadiness, and a match between them would be very uncertain, with odds just a trifle in favor of Knapp.

W. A. Larned is another brilliant but somewhat unsteady performer, though, when he has had more experience and is a year or two older he will likely overcome his present erratic tendency. He is something like Hovey in his play, and much of his style is after the Harvard expert, from whom, however, he ought not to win this year at least. Neither should he defeat Knapp, though it would be a great struggle between them. E. L. Hall, who has not been at all well this season and is now resting, is certainly in this class if he should regain his true form; last year Larned defeated him in the semifinals, but they are so nearly matched that another contest would be just as likely to result in Hall's favor.

For the rest: Richard Stevens, Malcolm Chace, V. G. Hall, and R. D. Wrenn are in a class below, notwithstanding the fact that Wrenn beat Knapp last year. Stevens is playing strongly this season, and he was especially formidable at Longwood. Probably no one in this country is so skilful at strictly base-line play; but this style has been superseded, or, more correctly speaking, combined with more or less network; and this Stevens ignores completely, so that his game ought not to win from Hobart, Hovey, Knapp, or Larned, nor from Wrenn as he played last year against Knapp at Newport. Chace is improving a little each year, but he must grow much steadier and use his head more before he can hope to win from any of the first players. Had he a little more confidence, and tried to stick at the net a little more in his match at Longwood with Stevens, despite the latter's clever lobbing, he might have pulled off a victory. Wrenn has not yet shown the form he displayed at Newport last year; he may reach it, but present indications are that he will not make so good a showing as he did in '92, unless he takes a very sudden brace. V. G. Hall is also altogether out of his form, which comes about entirely because the demands of business will not permit the unlimited practice college boys enjoy, and without steady and hard practice in lawn-tennis—or any other game nowadays—one is certainly not "in it."

SUMMING IT ALL UP, THEREFORE, the season's play thus far seems to point to the Newport honors resting finally on Hobart, Hovey, Knapp, or Larned, with E. L. Hall's chances contingent upon his getting into form; and of these Hobart looks like the All Comer winner, with Hovey and Knapp to decide on the runner-up. Knapp has so often been unfortunate at Newport, however, he is more than likely to be inconsiderate enough to upset this pretty little plan.

These are some of the things the Saratoga and Longwood tournaments teach us. No new players of unusual merit have made their appearance, several of the veterans have dropped out of the ranks, and there will be seen at Newport the same faces as last year, with the exception of probably two or three Westerners, who are coming on to get a practical illustration of the comparative merits of the Eastern and Western game. The Pacific coast champion, W. H. Taylor, is coming East, and will be seen first, very likely, at the Essex County Club (Mass.) tournament, which takes the place of the usual Nahant fixture. He may upset some calculations at Newport, but, if so, it will probably be up in the first rounds. After seeing his play at Chicago in the doubles, it is quite certain any one of the players mentioned in these paragraphs could win from him.

The Meadow Club, of Southampton, Long Island, holds its tournament in the week (this one) beginning July 31st, and as time for the Newport event is drawing near, all the leading players are quite certain to put in an appearance. As the Long Island championship is the stake, E. L. Hall, the holder, will probably make his first appearance since the Seabright tournament. Last year Stevens, Larned, and the Hall brothers were the most notable entries, but it looks as if the winner this week would have a much harder time than he did in '92. A "World's Fair" singles tournament is also being held in Chicago, which may attract Hovey.

THE NATIONAL DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP began on the St. George Cricket Grounds, Chicago, with fifteen pairs, the strongest of whom were Hovey and Hobart, Ryerson and McCormick, and Chase and Clark. The few entries from the East was a disappointment; besides the champions, O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, there were only Hobart and Hovey, and veteran J. S. Clark partnered by S. T. Chase, the Western champion. Larned and E. L. Hall had been expected, but the latter's indisposition kept both away. The courts had been carefully prepared, and outside of Newport there are none better in the country.

The play of the first two days was devoted to weeding out, matches being won in straight sets, with the exception of that between Clark and Chase, who were kept busy beating Scudder and Neely—7-5, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4. Taylor and Tobin, who have held the Pacific Coast championship for several years, and the first until this year in singles also, were somewhat of a disappointment in their play, as they made but little progress with Hobart and Hovey in their match. The latter played with great confidence, and with such pace that the Californians could win only a few games. Taylor's quick work at the net made a few points for his side, but they were really outclassed, losing—6-1, 6-1, 6-1. Hobart and Hovey continued their good work, and won their way with no difficulty to the final round.

THE BEST MATCH BY ALL ODDS of the tournament was that between Hobart and Hovey and the Neels, C. B. and S. R., representing the Chicago University, but originally from Oakland, California. They made a great fight, coming within one point of winning the first set, and playing hard for every point. Carr Neel has a way of serving the ball on a run towards the net which brings them both up. They made strong rallies, and returned some balls apparently safely placed. In fact, their tennis was very good, and would probably have won from any other team in the tournament. They should by all means come East to Newport.

A more stubbornly fought though less brilliant match was that of Chase and Clark against Ryerson and McCormick, won by the former pair—7-5, 2-6, 5-7, 6-3, 10-8—after nearly three hours of hard play. Clark played with much of his old-time vim, and was well supported by Chase. McCormick played a very good game, his smashing being brilliant.

Hobart and Hovey kept up their winning pace against Campbell and Huntington in the championship round, and won 6-3, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2, after a match that showed by turns some very brilliant and ordinary play on the part of Campbell and Huntington, due to lack of practice. Campbell volleyed poorly, though at times did some pretty work at the net. Huntington was far from his old-time form. On the other hand, Hobart and Hovey played brilliantly, the former's side line drives and the latter's volleying giving the spectators a rare treat of good tennis.

THE ONLY MATCH IN THE NEW CASTLE, N. H., tournament to at all have any bearing on Newport was that between R. D. Wrenn and Malcolm Chace, in which the former won—7-5, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4. It was, in fact, the only interesting play of the week, for Wrenn had won easy victories, and Chace had but one struggle, with C. R. Budlong, and that of short duration. Budlong, however, is showing steady improvement, and he made Chace work hard for the first set—8-6—but fell down sadly in the second—6-3. The veteran A. E. Wright was no match for Chace, though the latter carelessly threw away the second set, nor was the Yale champion, A. F. Foote. When, therefore, Chace and Wrenn came together for the finals, their superiority over the others was undoubted. Both these men play nearly the same kind of a game; both run to the net on every available opportunity, and each is strong and unsteady by turns. This time Wrenn proved the steadier, and passed and outplaced Chace, who seemed unable to hold on to his nerve, and lost control of the ball. Wrenn had his unsteady turn in the third set, and got only two games while Chace was winning six. Chace did some good lobbing, but he needs a lot of seasoning. Wrenn's service was hard, and he showed the best form of this season. Chace and Wrenn also won the doubles from Budlong and Reed (the Amherst champion)—6-3, 7-5, 7-5—but the lesser lights gave them a good fight for it.

THE CANADIAN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, in singles and doubles, again goes to players from the United States. Last year F. H. Hovey slipped up to Toronto and, together with Bixby, won all in sight. This year the tournament, so far as concerned representation from the States, was left to Detroit, and Paddock and Cole, after hard work in the first set, took the next two easily from Pope and Pope of Toronto. Avery of Detroit played a great uphill game against MacKenzie of Toronto. After losing the first two sets—4-6, 4-6, he won three straight—6-3, 6-1, 6-1, and the match. Miss Osborne successfully defended her title against Mrs. Smith—6-8, 6-4, 6-2.

The playing in the Northwestern championship tournament, held at Lake Minnetonka, showed the best average play of any previous year, the quality of the entries being especially better than usual.

Last year Elting of Chicago defeated Belden, who held the championship, but this year Belden regained the title after a match that had two very pretty and hard-fought sets—5-7, 6-4, 8-6, 6-4. The doubles were also wrested from Chicago—Wrenn and Elting holders—by Jayne and Cook, after a hard struggle in the last set, 6-3, 6-2, 11-9. Tennis in the Northwest is improving greatly. Some of these men should enter at Newport.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE, which will begin next Monday with the rendezvous off Glen Cove, is the event to which yachtsmen have been looking all season, and it is certain to prove the most memorable one in the club's history. The programme for the cruise, issued by the fleet captain, Gouverneur Kortright, is:

Monday, August 7th, rendezvous, Glen Cove, and Commodore Cup races.
Tuesday, August 8th, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
Wednesday, August 9th, Morris Cove to New London.
Thursday, August 10th, New London to Newport.
Friday, August 11th, Goelet Cup races off Newport.
Saturday, August 12th, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
Sunday, August 13th, the fleet will remain at anchor.
Monday, August 14th, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
Tuesday, August 15th, New Bedford to Newport.
Wednesday, August 16th, Astor Cup races off Newport.

If for no other reason it would be noteworthy for bringing the four cup-defenders together for the first time, and giving the yachting world an opportunity of judging their merits in competition. But the races of the cup-defenders will not be the only notable events of the cruise. While they will naturally enough absorb the greater amount of attention, no small interest will be manifested in the performances of the schooners, and especially in those of *Emerald*, *Lasca*, and *Alcæa*. The last two had their first meeting last year, and in their races the *Lasca* demonstrated her superiority so decidedly that unless she has been much improved, *Alcæa's* sailing will hardly arouse much interest this season. The *Emerald*, however, in her races this season, her first, has given promise of making *Lasca* go faster than ever before in order to win. The others of this class—over 80 and not above 90 feet l. w. l.—are the old-timers—*Mayflower*, *Marguerite*, *Iroquois*, *Volunteer*, *Merlin*, *Atlantic*, *Grayling*, *Alert*, and *Sachem*. It will be interesting to see how these last will compare with the later additions to the class. *Marguerite*, last season, did some fine work; this year she will sail under another owner's flag.

The *Volunteer* is uncertain, but the chances are that General Paine will wish to give all his attention to the *Jubilee*. There is nothing new in seventy-footers, except the old crack single-sticker *Titania*, made over into a schooner and rechristened *Dagmar*; her sailing thus far has not been up to expectations. *Quickstep* is pretty apt to be *en évidence*, and possibly *Shamrock*, no longer the property of Mr. Maxwell. Likely enough the sport of this class will be furnished by *Viator* and *Azalea*, which have already had several races, and are certain to single one another out whenever they are on the same water.

OF THE LARGE SCHOONERS (over 100 feet l.w.l.) *Dauntless* and *Romona* are likely to continue the fight they had in the Larchmont regatta, and which they kept up throughout the recent very successful cruise of that club. But they will not have the battle to themselves, as they, with *Constellation*, had last year. The famous old ocean-racer *Coronet* may be a starter, as well as *Yampa*, which Mr. Chester Chapin has recently outfitted with a new suit of sails for the purpose. The *Constellation* may not be seen, Mr. Thayer being abroad, and nothing as yet having been heard of his making any arrangements to race the big schooner. Of the class below (over 90 and less than 100 feet l.w.l.), there is only the *Fortuna*, the fate of the *Montauk* being unknown.

Of the sloops, the new 46-footer *Carmita* has done little sailing since she came off the ways, and it remains to be seen how much she has been benefited by taking off some of the lead on her keel. Thus far she has not been the success the sportsmanship of her owner deserves. Unless she sails a great deal faster than she has so far, the *Wasp* will have more or less of a walk-over so far as *Carmita* is concerned. Possibly the *Gloriana*, the undisputed queen of the class in '91, may turn up at the starting-line; but *Gloriana* has never been herself since she passed out of E. D. Morgan's ownership; or maybe the case is better put by saying that no one has sailed her up to the form she displayed in '91 since another skipper than the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club took her helm.

THE GREAT INTEREST IS, OF COURSE, in what the cup-defenders, *Colonia*, *Vigilant*, *Pilgrim*, and *Jubilee*, are going to do. They have been so thoroughly discussed in these columns that there remains now very little to add. In the past week every one of them has been out as often as possible, and the performance of each has been an improvement on the work of the week before. *Pilgrim* and *Jubilee* have fought shy of one another, but the former continues the favorite of those who have watched them both. *Colonia* has been in the dry-dock for her final dressing, and her sailing has been up to expectations; she has not been seen much by any save those directly interested in her. She is practically an enlarged *Wasp*, and if she travels as rapidly, the others will have to be marvels to beat her.

Vigilant has had no end of tuning up, and the way she goes through the water impresses her speed upon all who have seen her. She is undoubtedly a fast boat; in fact, they are all fast boats, every one of them, and there will be some great racing in the next two weeks.

Jubilee, *Pilgrim*, and *Vigilant* are all to be hauled out this week in preparation for the races, the last in a Brooklyn dock, the others at Boston. It is not probable that either of the Boston boats will be seen until the Goelet Cup races.

ALTHOUGH THE PERFORMANCES OF ALL THE cup-defenders have been good, and the speed great as compared with all former standards, the stories of running across the bow of a steamer making fourteen knots, of passing them making eighteen knots, and leaving, as though anchored, tugs making twelve knots, must be taken *cum grano salis*. It sounds as though the American reporter was determined not to be outdone by his English *confrère* who has been sending over remarkable stories of the speed of *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*, in which seventeen knots an hour was quite a common occurrence. It is very safe to say that when we come to follow the cup-defenders in the Goelet and Astor and Corinthian Club (of New York) special races, we shall be able to remain within hailing distance, except in running before the wind, on a steamer making fourteen knots an hour. These calculations are always of the roughest kind, and invariably exaggerated. First of all, ordinary excursion steamboats that make eighteen knots an hour are exceedingly scarce, and the average tug has all it wants to do grinding out ten an hour. When the actual races come off, the times made will surprise those who have believed that any of these yachts could make seventeen or eighteen knots an hour under lower sails.

IN BRITISH WATERS PREPARATIONS are making for the Cape May Cup race which is to be sailed about August 10th. Beginning on the 5th, there will be an entire week of racing, in which *Navahoe* will have an opportunity of testing the English boats and tuning up.

The New York Yacht Club Committee has definitely decided that the international races for the *America's* Cup will begin October 5th, the best three out of five to be declared the winner. Despite the Committee's opinion to the contrary, it seems an unnecessarily late date. The N. Y. Y. C. cruise and the several races at its end will all be over by the last of August; a week to haul out preparatory to the trial races, which will take another week; say another haul out by the chosen defender, and by the 25th of September she would be ready to successfully defend the cup against the *Valkyrie* or any other British yacht.

Lord Dunraven seems determined to start the *Valkyrie* against the *Navahoe*, and yachtsmen on both sides look upon his intention with disfavor. Should the *Navahoe* win, it would absolutely take all the interest out of the *America's* Cup races. In any event, the *Navahoe* may be depended on to give a good account of herself. She has a good fighting chance.

THE MYOPIA POLO WEEK began on Saturday last—July 29th—and will last until August 12th. Some really good sport is promised, although the entries are few—only two, as a matter of fact, beside the home team. These are the Independence team, of Morristown—which includes Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., George L. Day, Benjamin Nicoll, and George P. Eustis—the regular Myopia team, and a new young team from Harvard, which includes Elliott Cowdin (2 goals), J. S. Wadsworth (0), R. Brooks (1), J. A. Stillman (0). The polo season thus far has been neither successful nor exciting. The last tournament, at Cedarhurst, afforded some interesting play between Westchester, Meadowbrook, and Rockaway, the first winning the Alden Cup; but it was chiefly notable for the lack of team-work, while some of the play of men handicapped high enough to show they ought to do better, would have been unworthy a second-rater.

WITH A FEW RARE EXCEPTIONS, polo men appear singularly indifferent to the fate of the American game. By reason of their obstinacy—or shall we say selfishness?—in refusing to listen to any improvement on present methods, so as to give the second-class men encouragement and practice, they have actually gone backwards in the past two years—with one notable exception, however, and that is the members of the Independence team, who this season have swept all before them in every tournament in which they have played. It might be said that they are the only men to-day in this country who have, in practice and in matches, aimed and succeeded in playing a team game. What they have accomplished shows the merit in the method.

It is indeed too bad there are so few polo men who care about the standard of our play or the quality of the American game. There is a sad wanting of sportsmanship in about seventy-five per cent. of those who follow the game more or less.

After Myopia the scene shifts to Newport, where the Westchester Club has its tournament from August 14th to 26th. The Oyster Bay week, which used to fill in nicely before Newport, is scratched off the list, the club having apparently slumped since Theodore Roosevelt found it impossible to find time to play. Immediately following Newport is the Hingham week, August 28th to September 2d, and then Brookline, September 4th to 14th. At all of these there has been a generous offering of prizes. The entries are not yet in, but it is to be hoped they will be generous, for if the ending of the season is no better than the beginning, the polo year of '93 will have been the poorest of the last three.

THESE CLIPPINGS, FROM THE NEW YORK *Sun*, are printed here to show how many different kinds of an "amateur" an amateur racing cyclist of the League of American Wheelmen can be:

> "ASBURY PARK, *July 27th*.—W. W. Taxis, of Philadelphia, the crack bicycle-rider who has been suspended by the L.A.W. Racing Board pending an investigation into the charge of professionalism made against him, made an affidavit yesterday before Notary Public Frank Pawley of this place and forwarded it to the Racing Board. Taxis says that on June 27th he sold one of his prize wheels to a Philadelphian, giving a receipt in the name of his mother. He then gave the money to his mother, taking her receipt. He claims that his mother is acting as his trustee."

And again:

> ...."After Mr. Murphy [C. M. Murphy, of the New York Athletic Club] had won the final heat of the race, he asked the committee to pay him $15 in cash rather than the $25 gold medal promised, a request being made that the check be made payable to his wife. This, at the direction of the chairman of the committee, was done. Some time later Mr. Murphy called on me and stated that the check had not been received—a statement which was borne out by the fact that it had not been returned through bank, and at his request I drew another check, made payable to himself."

If the Racing Board accepts such stuff as this as sufficient for reinstatement, it is not at all surprising the racing rounders wheel their triumphant way unmolested. Racers blessed with sisters, cousins, and aunts, to say nothing of mothers, wives, and brothers, will henceforth be the envy of all "rounders" less favored—as to family.

NOTHING HAS BEEN SAID here of the recent eight-oared shell race between Cornell and University of Pennsylvania on Lake Minnetonka, for the simple reason that we had no authentic information. It is rather late now to do more than call attention to the fact that Cornell demonstrated they could stay four miles, and in rough water make fairly good time—23 minutes and a fraction. Pennsylvania must have made great improvement to hold Cornell as well as they did, and it augurs well for their rowing prospects.

IN THE CLASSIFICATION OF COLLEGE NINES a few weeks ago, the cutting up of a paragraph, to make a column fit, made it read that Brown had not played Cornell, when the statement made originally was the reverse. Brown did play Cornell, and beat them, 10-2, in a one-sided game, in which Cornell made 11 errors. This makes the college team rating: Harvard, Yale, Brown, Princeton, Cornell, University of Pennsylvania.

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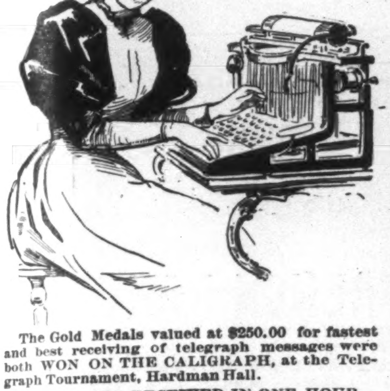

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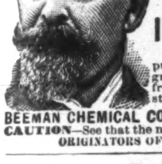

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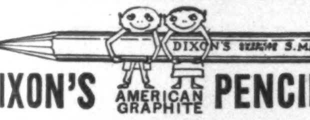

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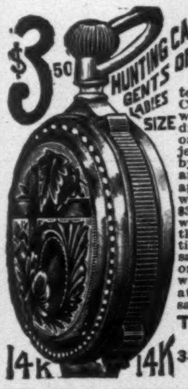

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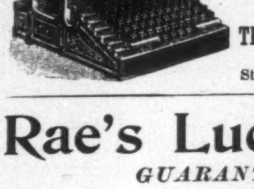

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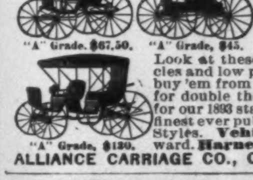
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